

ANIMAL

COMICS

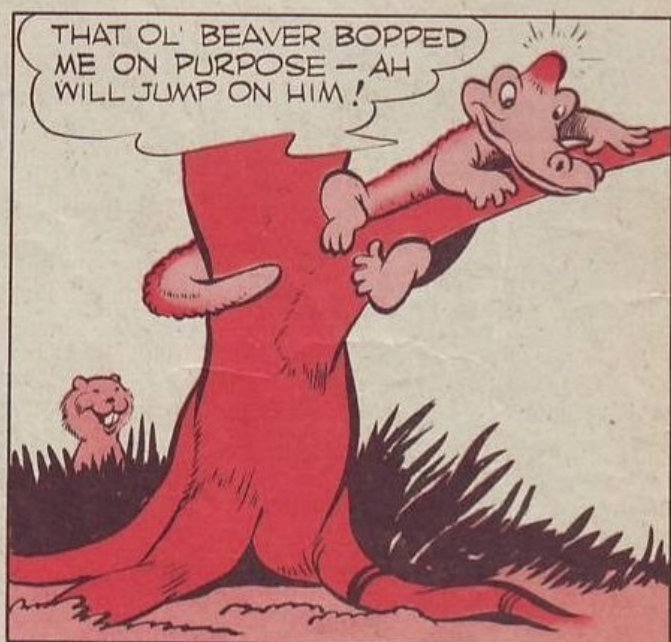
10¢

No. 8
APRIL-MAY

A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL •
A DELL MAGAZINE •



ALBERT GNAWS A THING OR TWO, TOO!



Uncle Wiggily

OH, UNCLE WIGGILY! WHY ARE YOU PUTTING WHEELS ON YOUR ROWBOAT?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN IT?

WHAT QUESTIONS! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT?



COPR. 1944 BY HOWARD R. GARIS

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M GOING FISHING IN THE LAKE...

AND YOU'RE TAKING US WITH YOU, BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT THREE FISHING POLES!

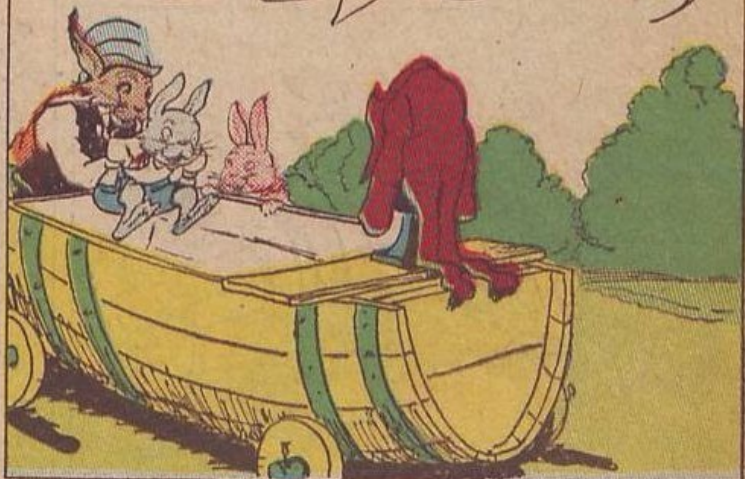
OH, GOODY!



CLIMB IN AND LET'S GO OR THE SKY MAY CLOUD UP AND RAIN ON US.

HOW ARE WE GOING TO START WITHOUT A SAIL, UNCLE WIGGILY?

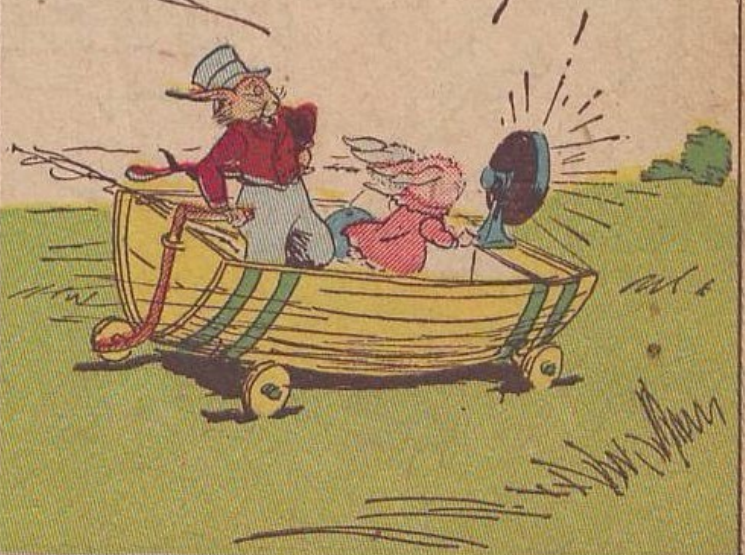
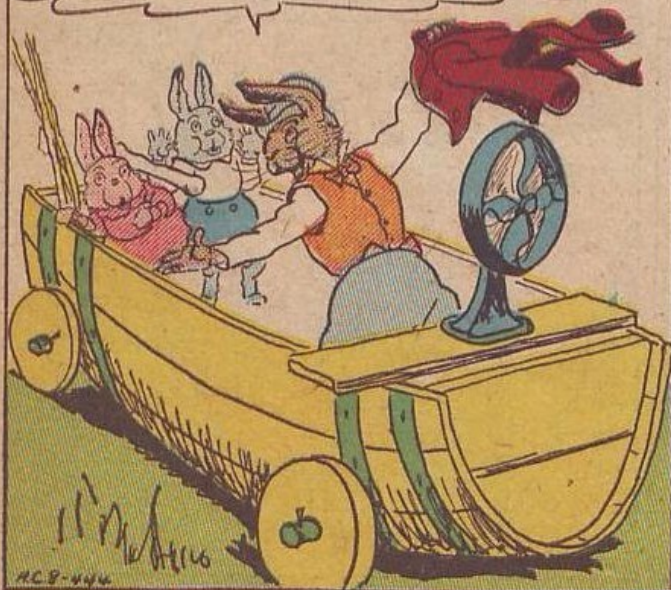
HAVE YOU GOT A PAIR OF OARS THAT WILL WORK ON LAND?



I HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL WORK MUCH BETTER THAN EITHER A SAIL OR OARS... LOOK HERE!!

AN ELECTRIC FAN MOTOR! THAT'S GREAT!

WE'RE MOVING!



AT THAT MOMENT NURSE JANE FUZZY WUZZY RUNS OUT OF THE HOUSE ...

STOP! DON'T GO TILL I GIVE YOU YOUR LUNCH!

WON'T YOU COME TOO, NURSE JANE?
THERE SEEMS TO BE ENOUGH LUNCH FOR FOUR ...

INDEED NO! YOU WON'T SEE ME SETTING FOOT IN ANY CONTRADICTION LIKE THIS, WIGGLY LONGEARS. I HAVE SOME SELF RESPECT.

NURSE JANE'S SELF RESPECT KEEPS HER OUT OF A LOT OF FUN, DOESN'T IT, UNCLE WIGGLY?

YEA-AY! HERE WE GO!

OOOH! JUST LIKE A SEAPLANE!

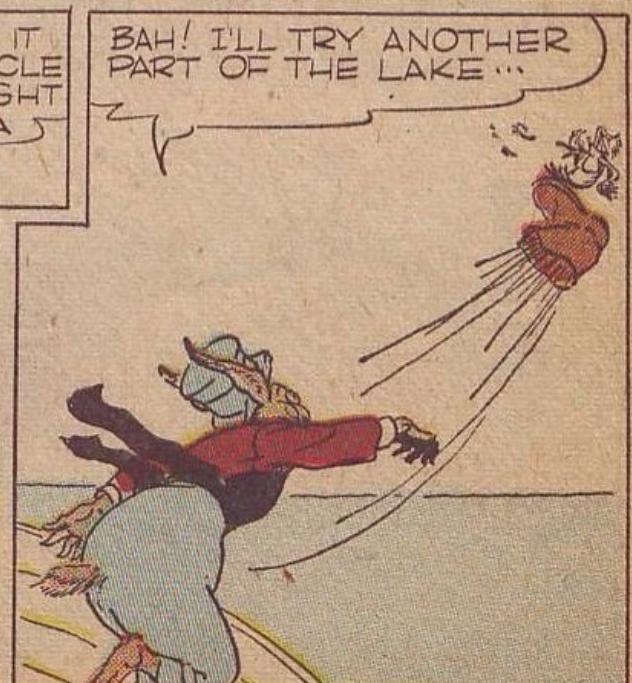
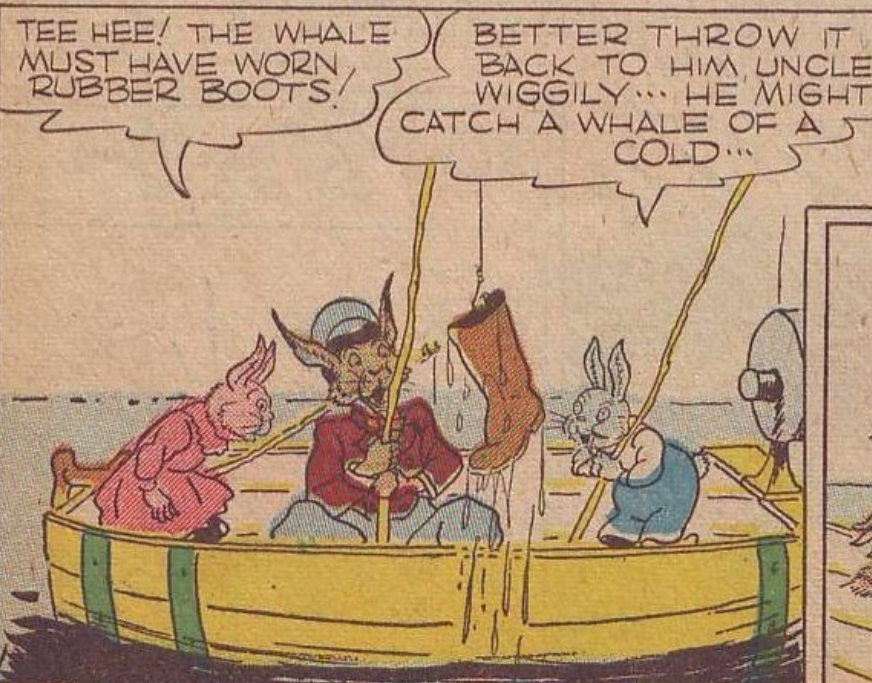
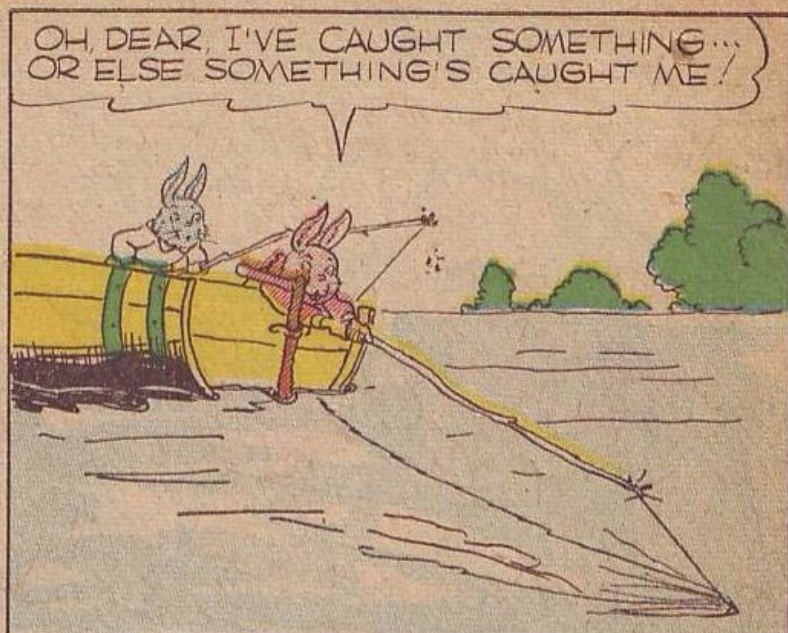
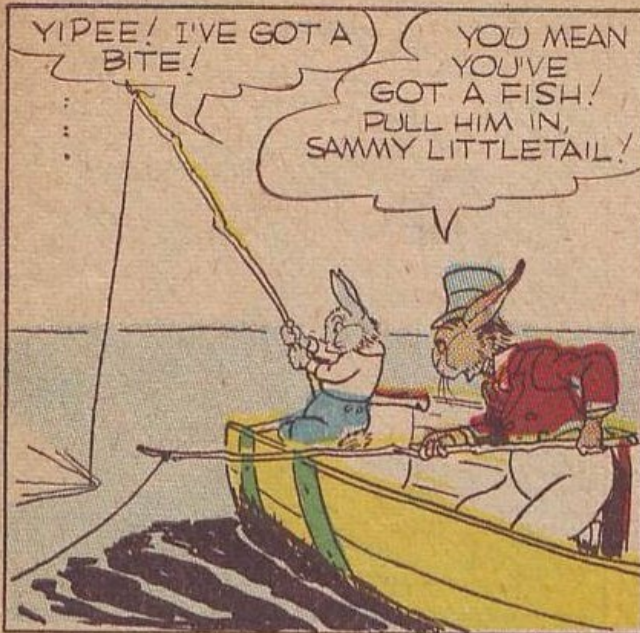
SAILING, ♪ SAILING, ♪
OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN! ♪

OH, BOY! IT GOES BETTER ON WATER THAN ON LAND.

I'LL BET WE COULD CROSS THE ATLANTIC!

WE'LL STOP HERE AND FISH ... I'LL BAIT EACH OF YOUR HOOKS WITH A SQUIRMY WORM.

THANK YOU, UNCLE WIGGLY! IT GIVES ME THE SQUIGGLES TO DO IT MYSELF ...



WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE...
A STORM'S COMING UP!

AW-W, UNCLE WIGGILY,
THE FISHING'S
FINE HERE...

I'VE GOT
ANOTHER!
LET'S STAY,
UNCLE
WIGGILY!

IT ISN'T A STORM, IT'S A
TORNADO!

OO-OOOH!!

UNCLE WIGGILY! WE'RE
GOING TO HIT THOSE ROCKS!

THE ANCHOR WILL KEEP US OFF
SHORE—TILL THE WIND DIES DOWN.

WE'RE SAFE, UNCLE WIGGILY,
BUT THIS RAIN WILL MAKE
YOUR RHEUMATISM
TERRIBLE!

MAYBE YOU
OUGHT TO
HAVE KEPT THE
WHALE'S BOOT!

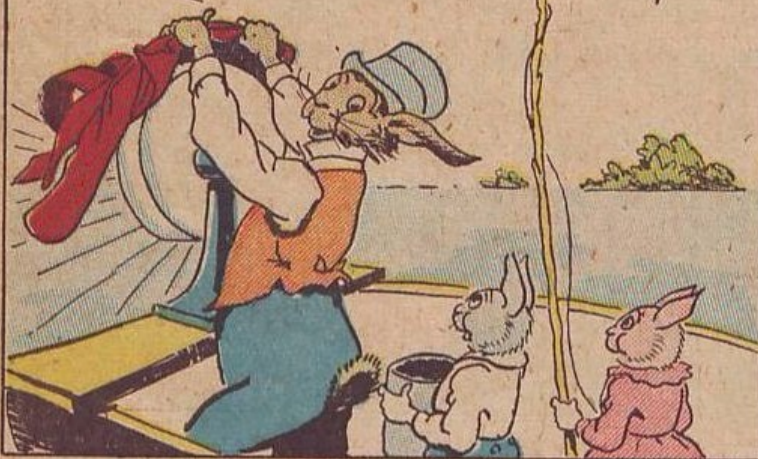
THAT'S A WHALE OF A JOKE,
SAMMY LITTLETAIL! HEH, HEH!

HEARING UNCLE WIGGILY'S
LAUGH, THE SUN POPS
OUT SMILING...

WELL, WELL! THE STORM
DIDN'T LAST LONG
AFTER ALL. WE'LL
START THE MOTOR
AND GO BACK TO
OUR FISHING
GROUNDS!

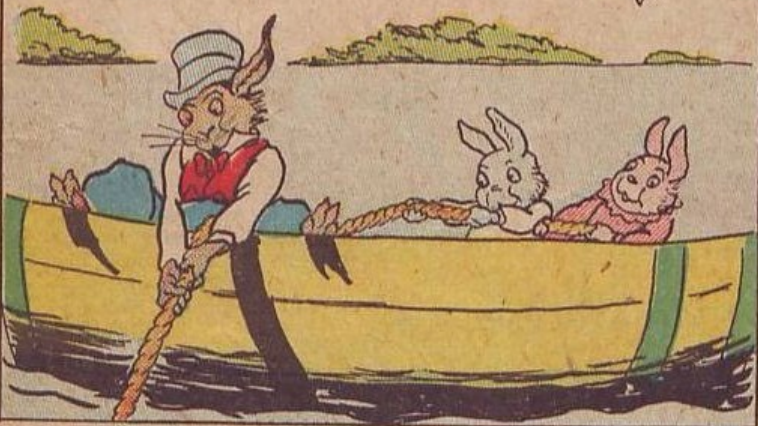
THE WORMS
FOR BAIT ARE
ALL USED UP
UNCLE WIGGILY!

WE CAN DIG
SOME MORE!



PULL, SAMMY... PULL,
SUSIE...

IT'S COMING
UP... I CAN
FEEL IT!



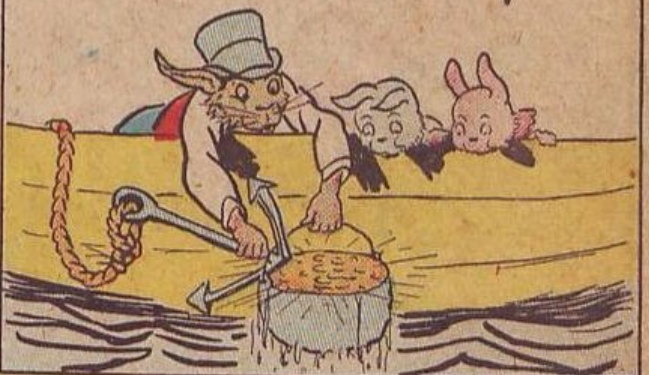
VERY WELL, I'LL PULL THE
ANCHOR UP AND GO ASHORE...
IF THE ANCHOR WILL ONLY
COME UP!



DEAR ME, SUZ! NO
WONDER THE
ANCHOR WAS
HEAVY... AN IRON
POT... DEAR ME!

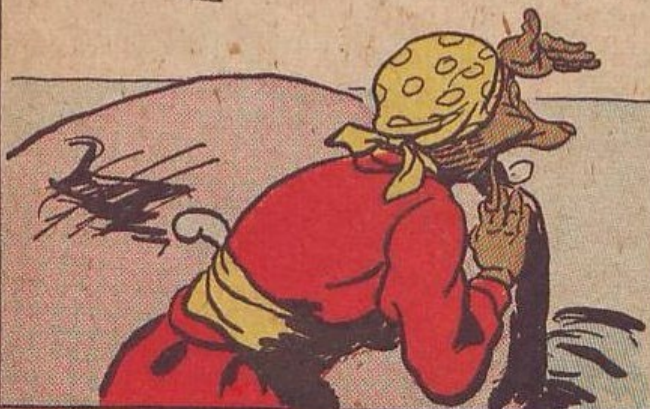
BUT WHAT'S
IN TH' POT?

LOOKS
LIKE GOLD!



CLOSE BY ON THE ISLAND A PIRATE
FOX SIGHTS THE FAN MOTOR BOAT.

AHA! THERE'S OLD WIGGILY LONG-
EARS WITH THE TWO LITTLETAILS...
WHAT'S HE DOING?



GOLD! A WHOLE POT FULL! AND
THE CLUMSY CREATURES ARE SPILLING
IT!



AHOY, MATES! THERE'S
A TREASURE SHIP
IN THE OFFING!

A SHIP? COME
ON... LET'S
CAPTURE HER!

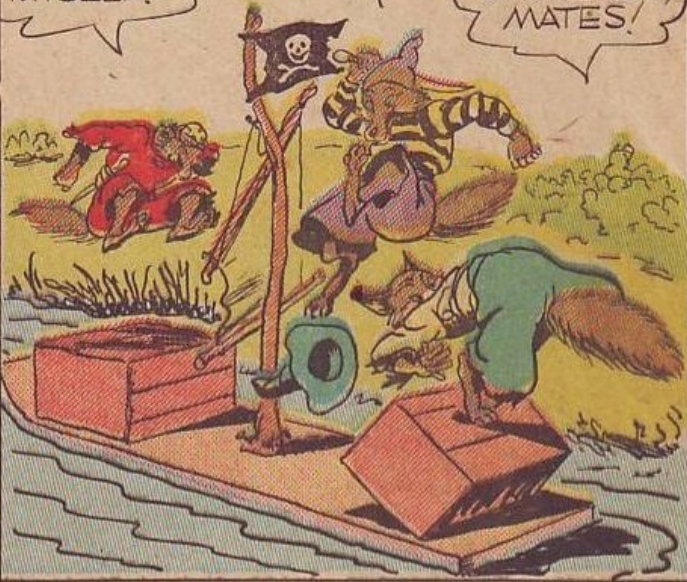
ARE YOU
SURE THERE'S
GOLD ABOARD?



A WHOLE POT
FULL OF GOLD.
I SAW IT
MYSELF!

IT'S OURS FOR THE
TAKING, THEN!

SHOVE OFF,
MATES!



THERE'S THE
BOAT!

AND THE POT
O' GOLD!

OH, MY
EARS AND
TAIL...
PIRATES!



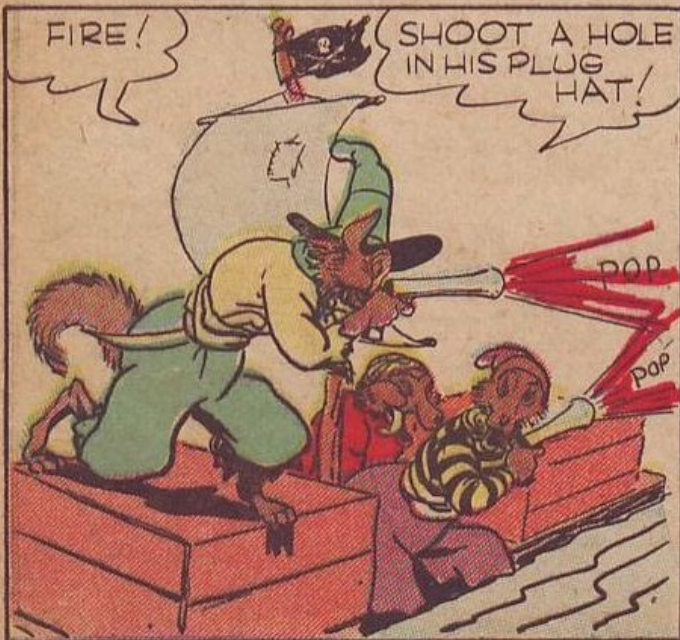
LOOK OUT... THEY'LL HIT US!

WE'LL TURN AND RUN
FOR IT...



FIRE!

SHOOT A HOLE
IN HIS PLUG
HAT!

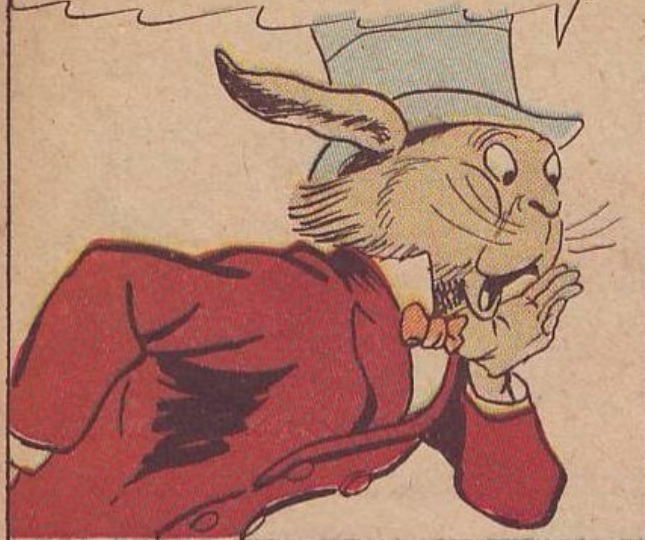


OH, BOY! THAT'S GOOD SHOOTING!

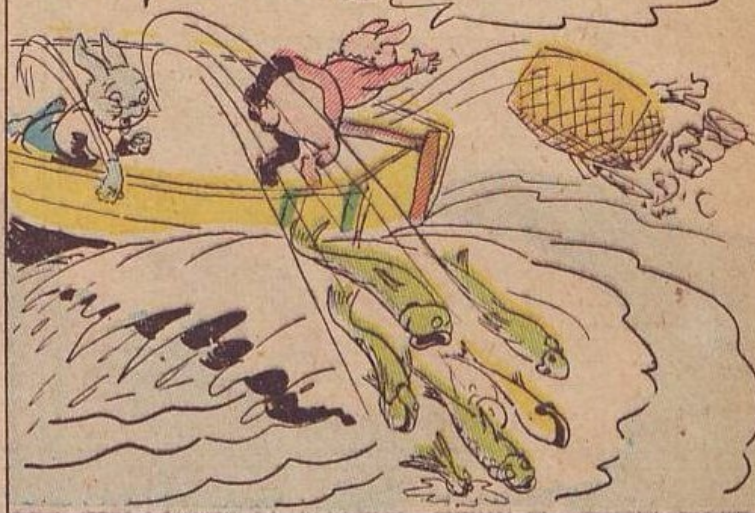
TOO GOOD! WE NEED
MORE SPEED TO
ESCAPE!



THROW EVERYTHING OVERBOARD!
THAT WILL MAKE US GO FASTER...



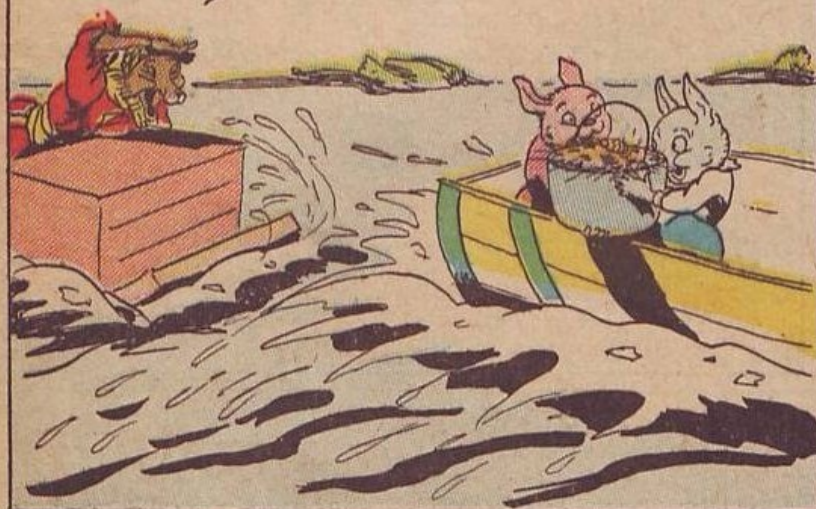
HE SAID "EVERYTHING" SO I GUESS THAT
MEANS OUR FISH...
AND OUR LUNCH...



THIS POT IS THE HEAVIEST OF ALL.

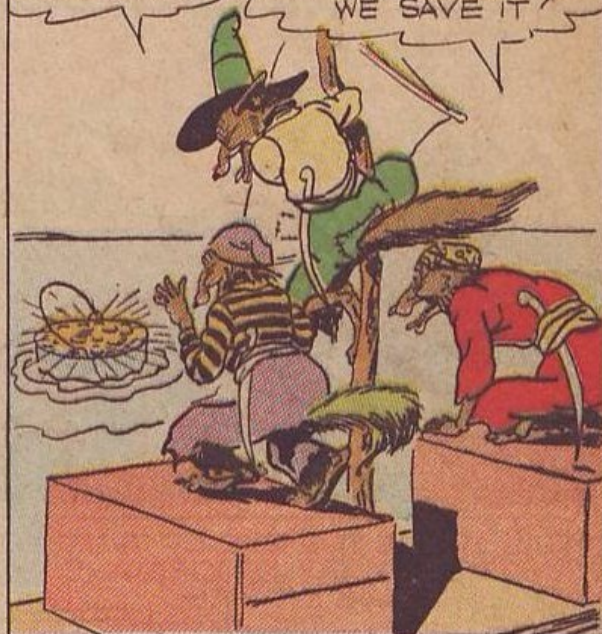
THE GOLD! THEY'RE
THROWING IT OVERBOARD!

DROP IT
QUICKLY
OR THEY'LL
CATCH US...



IT'S
FLOATING!

IT WILL SINK IN A
MINUTE UNLESS
WE SAVE IT!



THERE IT GOES!

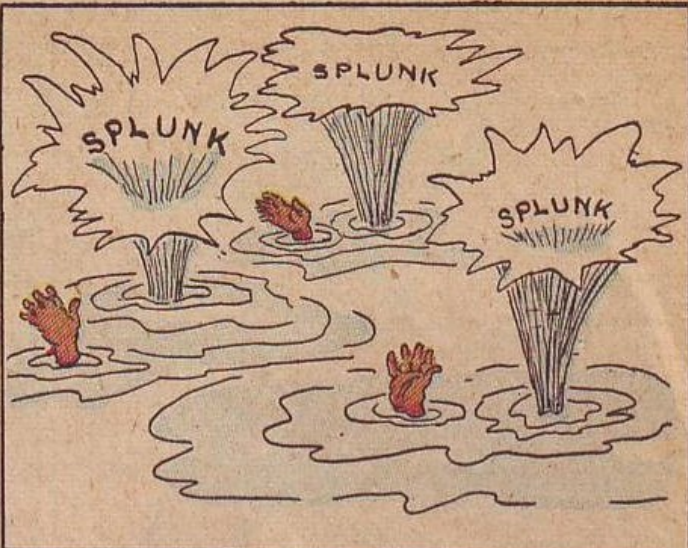


AT THE SAME MOMENT, ALL THREE
PIRATES GRASP THE POT...

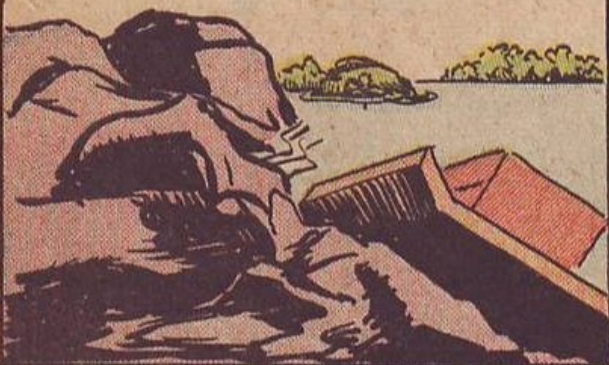


ONLY BOTTLE CAPS!

YEE-OW!



AND HALF A MILE DOWN THE LAKE, THE PIRATE CRAFT PILES UP ON SHARP ROCKS...



HO, HO, HO! YOU BAD PIRATES WILL HAVE A LONG, WET SWIM...

TEE-HEE! COULD YOU USE SOME MORE BOTTLE CAPS?

GRRR...

PLOOEY!



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THAT SO I SUGGEST WE GO ASHORE AND DIG SOME FISHING WORMS.

YES... WE THREW OUR FISH AWAY...



THERE'S A SIGNBOARD... I WONDER WHAT IT SAYS!

A SIGNBOARD? THAT'S QUEER! THIS ISLAND DOESN'T BELONG TO ANYONE!



PIRATE PROPERTY! OH-
HA-HA-HA! THAT'S A
CAPITAL JOKE!

PIRATES HAVE
NO RIGHT TO
OWN PROPERTY.

SO WE NEEDN'T
PAY ANY ATTENTION
TO THEIR SIGN...

PIRATE
PROPERTY
KEEP OFF

LOOK... ANOTHER SIGN... AND
AN OLD BROKEN SHOVEL...

TREZZPAZZERZ
BEWARE!

THEY'VE JUST PLANTED THIS
POST... I BET IT'S A GOOD
PLACE TO DIG FOR WORMS.

SAY! MY SHOVEL'S
STRUCK SOMETHING...

MAYBE IT'S THE
PIRATES' TREASURE.

DIG IT UP,
SAMMY!

IT'S A WOODEN COVER TO
SOMETHING... WITH A HANDLE
TO LIFT IT BY!

TREASURE BARREL!
IT SMELLS SPICY-LIKE
AS I LIVE AND
BREATHE!

IT SMELLS SPICY-LIKE
COOKIES AN' JAM...

I BET TH' PIRATES
STOLE IT!

HERE'S HALF A BUSHEL OF EGGS TO START WITH...



THIS CAN OF PEACHES IS THE LAST THING, UNCLE WIGGILY...

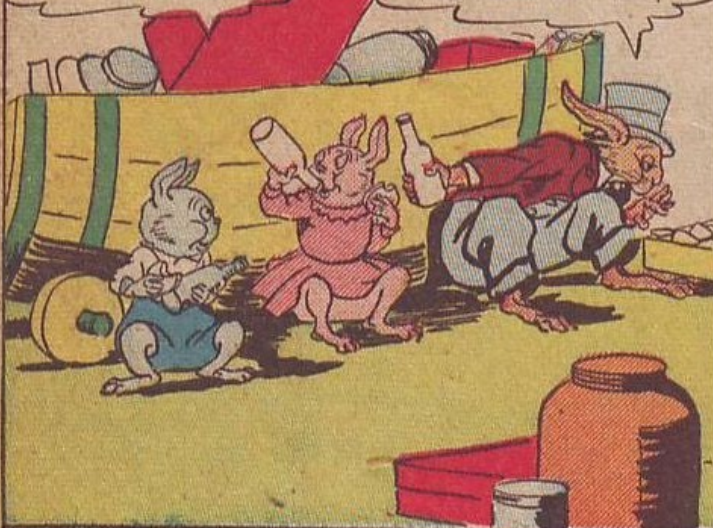
MY! MY! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT A BARREL COULD HOLD SO MUCH!

I WONDER HOW MANY CHOCOLATES A PERSON'S STOMACH CAN HOLD?



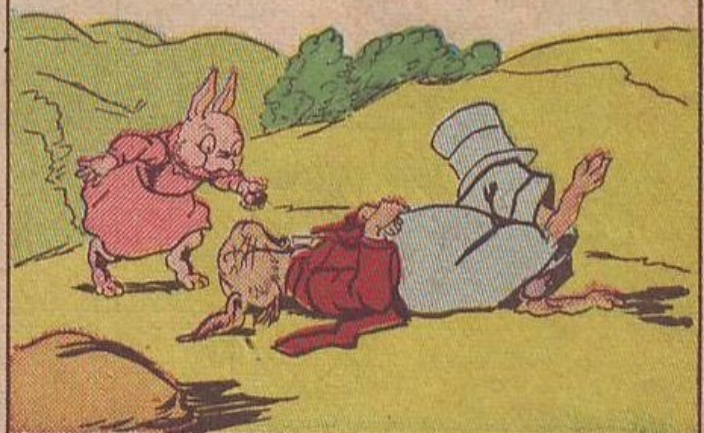
THIS CERTAINLY MAKES UP FOR THE BASKET LUNCH WE THREW OVERBOARD...

IT DOES IN-DEED SAMMY... BUT DON'T TELL NURSE JANE!

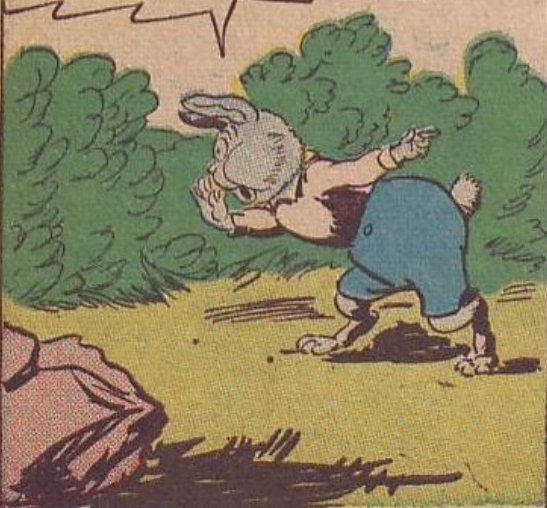


HAVEN'T YOU ROOM FOR ANOTHER CHOCOLATE, UNCLE WIGGILY?

NOT FOR ONE CRUMB, SUSIE. I'M ALL READY FOR A NA-ZZZ!



UNCLE WIGGILY, DON'T GO TO SLEEP! HERE COME THE PIRATES!!



AHA! WE'VE CAUGHT THOSE RABBITS... HIGH AND DRY!

WITH ALL OUR FOOD IN THEIR BOAT...

WE'LL BITE THEIR EARS!



HO, HO! THOSE PIRATES DON'T
KNOW OUR BOAT RUNS JUST AS
FAST ON DRY LAND...

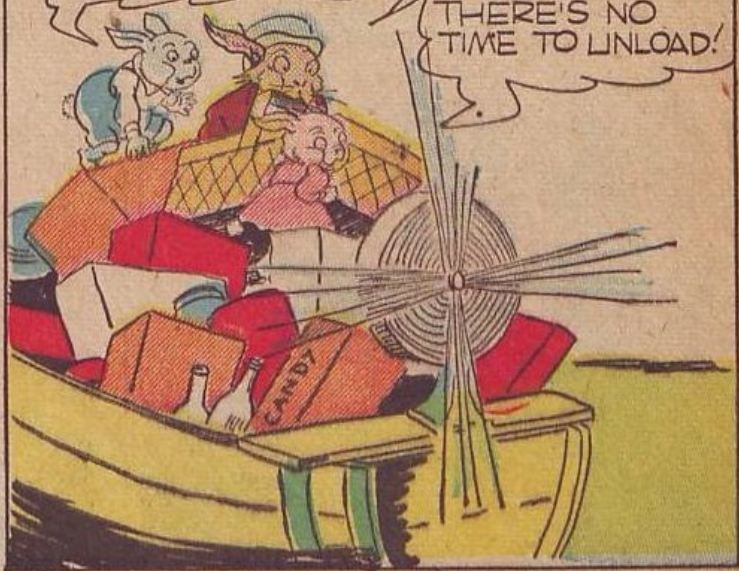
START THE MOTOR!



WHAT'S WRONG?
WE'RE NOT MOVING!

THERE'S TOO MUCH
WEIGHT...

THERE'S NO
TIME TO UNLOAD!

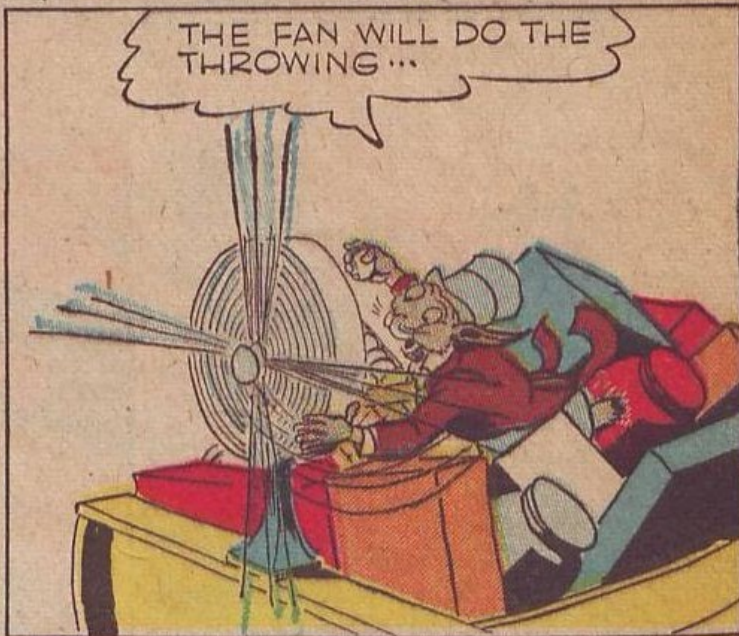


QUICK, SLISIE, HAND ME THE EGGS!

EGGS...TO THROW AT
THE PIRATES?



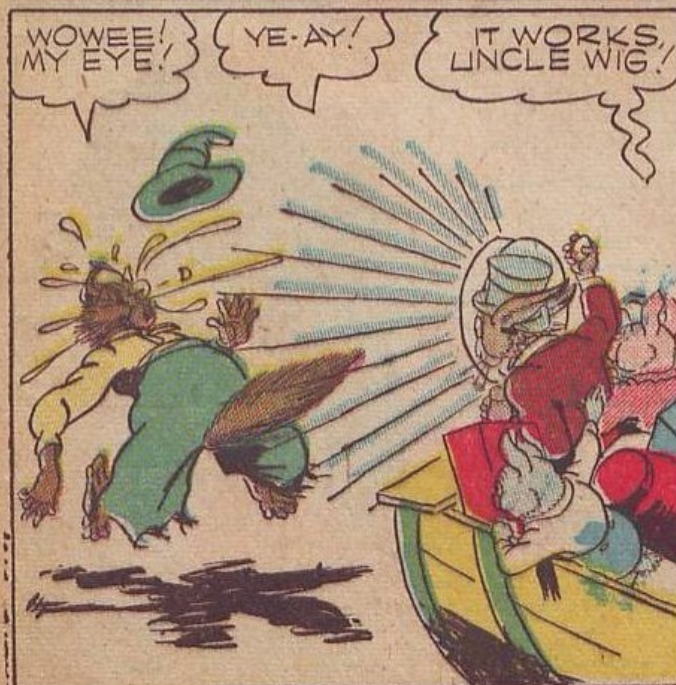
THE FAN WILL DO THE
THROWING...



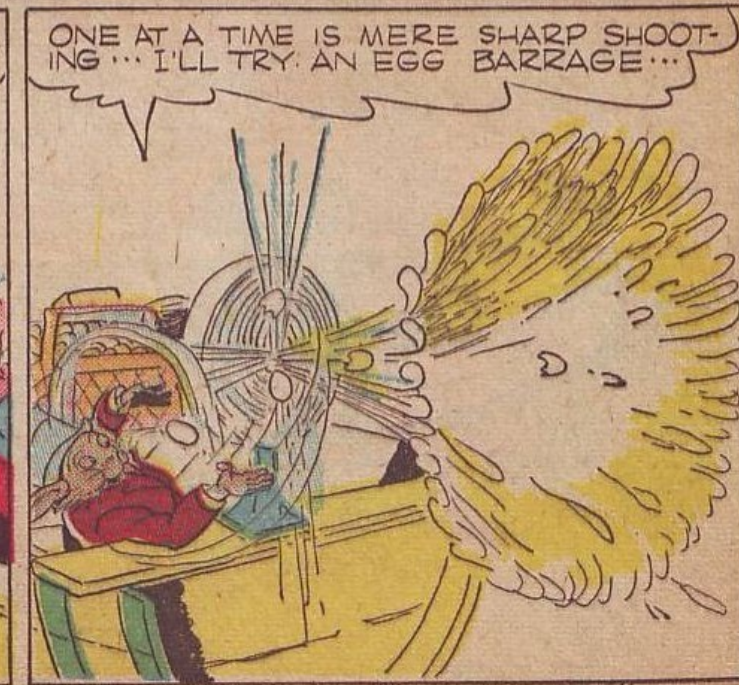
WOWEE!
MY EYE!

YE-AY!

IT WORKS,
UNCLE WIG!



ONE AT A TIME IS MERE SHARP SHOOT-
ING... I'LL TRY AN EGG BARRAGE...



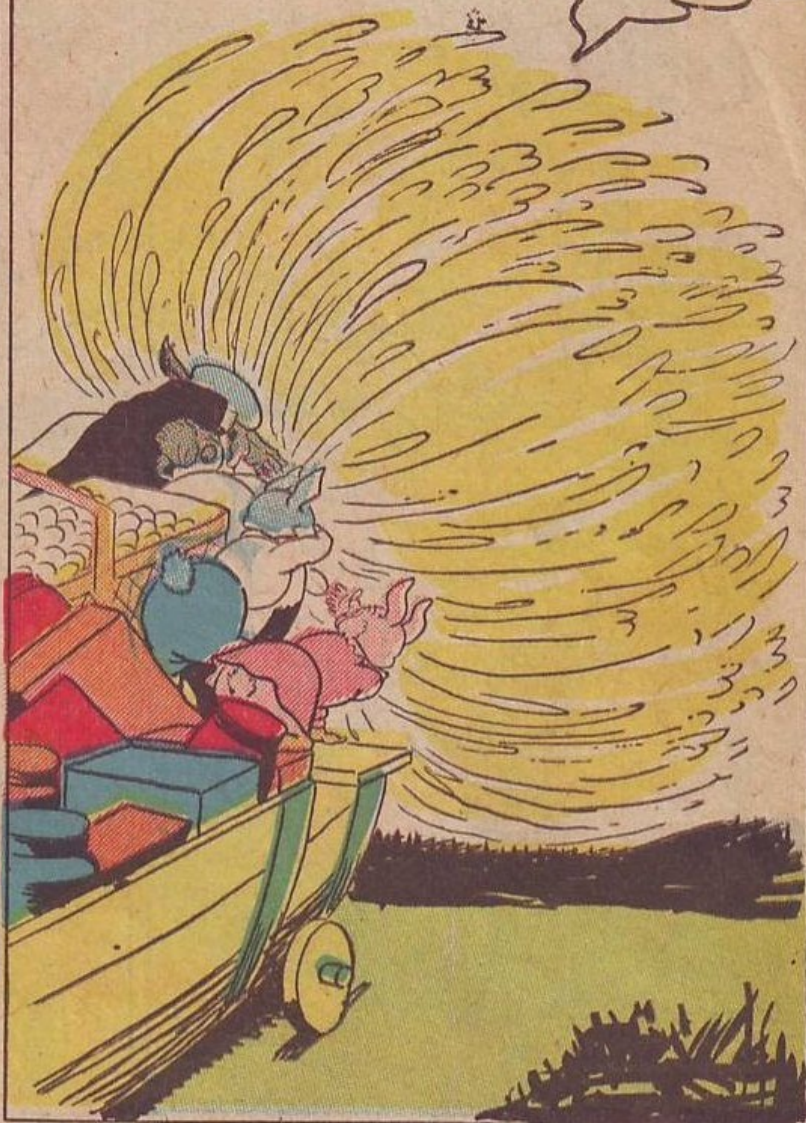
HEY! NO FAIR! THOSE EGGS ARE SPOILED!



COME ON, CHILDREN... THROW THEM ALL INTO THE FAN...

SAY THIS IS FUN...

ALL EXCEPT THE SMELL!



GLUP! (HELP! I'M DROWNIN')



HA! HA! THOSE PIRATES WON'T NEED ANY "KEEP OFF" SIGNS ON THEIR OLD ISLAND FROM NOW ON...

NOT WHILE THE SMELL OF EGGS IS THAT STRONG!

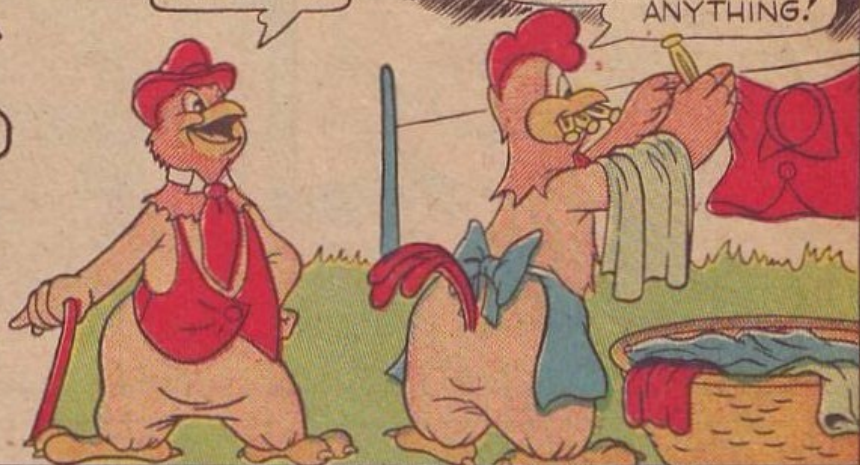


HECTOR THE HENPECKED ROOSTER

FAMOUS
Studios

YOU GOING TO THE
COSTUME BALL TONIGHT,
HECTOR?

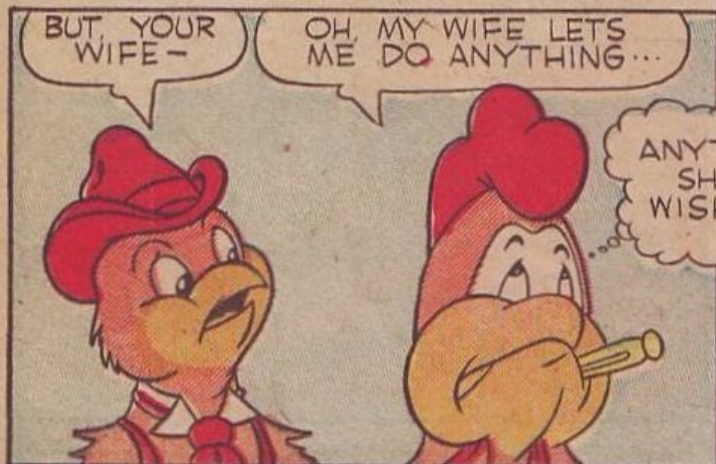
WHY, OF COURSE,
RICK... I WOULDN'T
MISS IT FOR
ANYTHING!



BUT, YOUR
WIFE -

OH, MY WIFE LETS
ME DO ANYTHING...

ANYTHING
SHE
WISHES!



I'LL SNEAK OUT EARLY TONIGHT AN'
PUT MY COSTUME ON BEHIND THE
BARN.



?

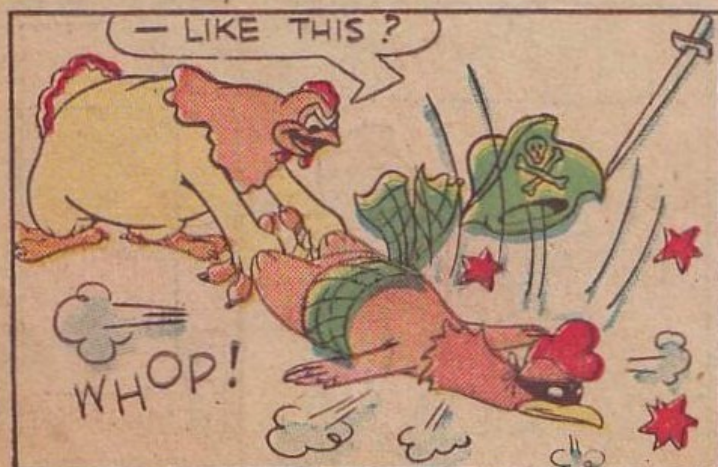
NO ONE WILL EVER GUESS IT'S
ME IN THIS
COSTUME.



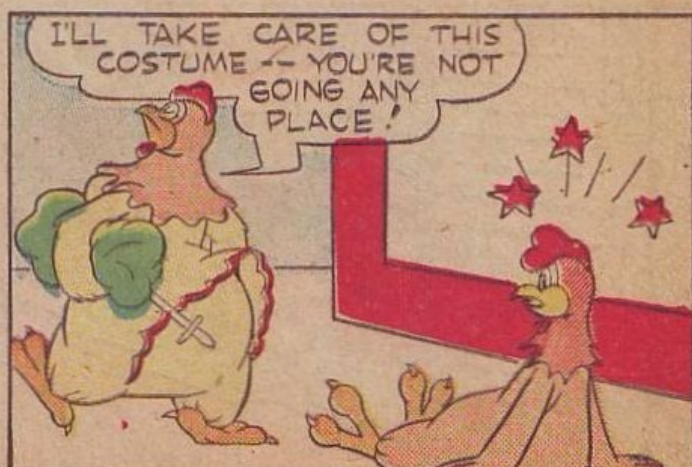
SEND OUT YOUR TEN
BEST MEN. I'LL
CUT 'EM DOWN
LIKE...

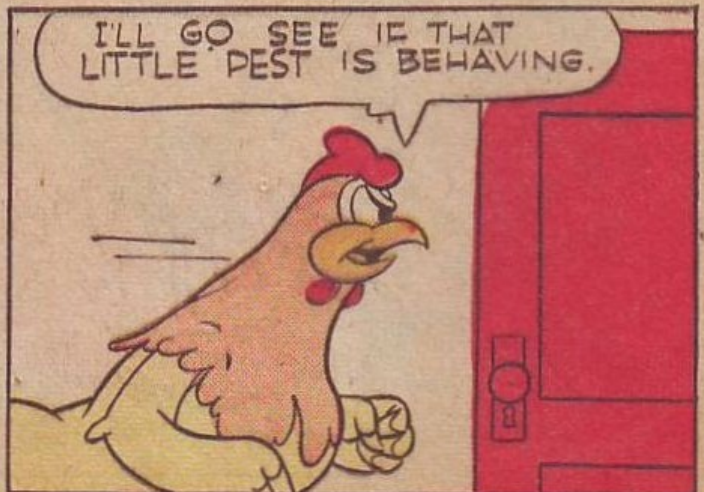
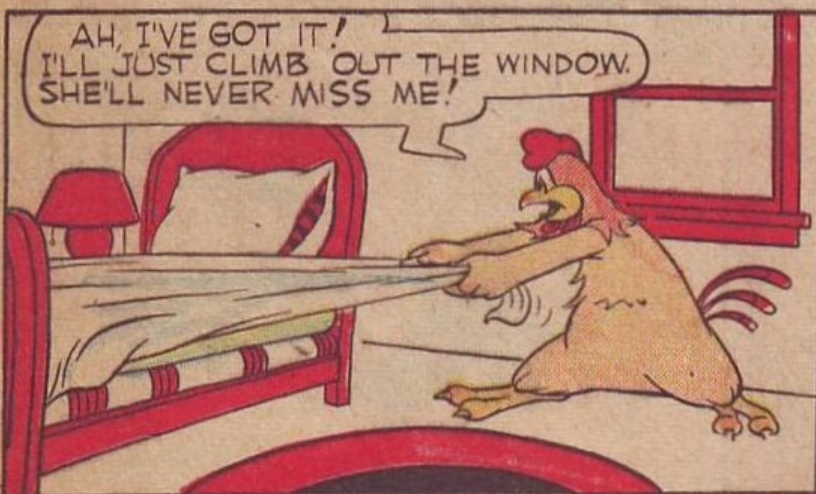
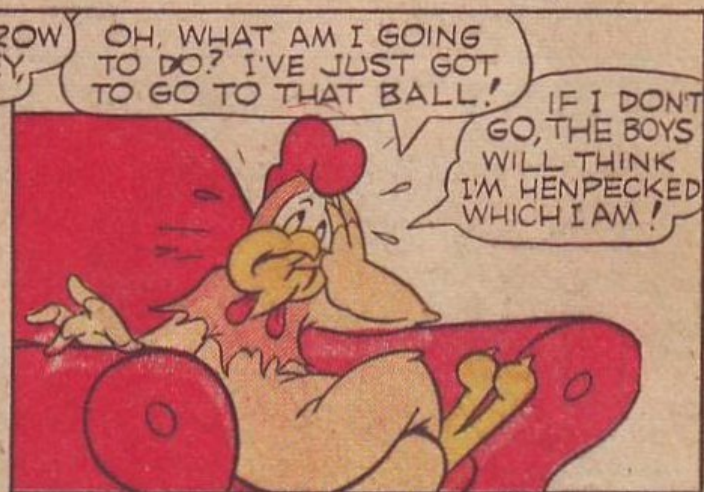
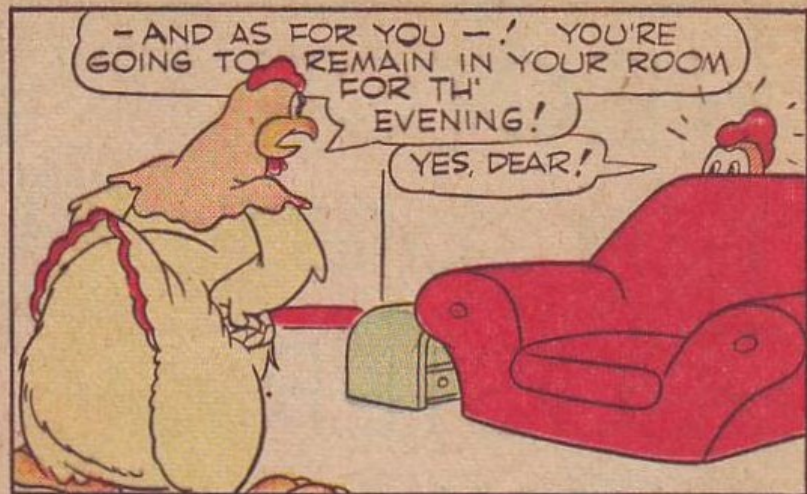


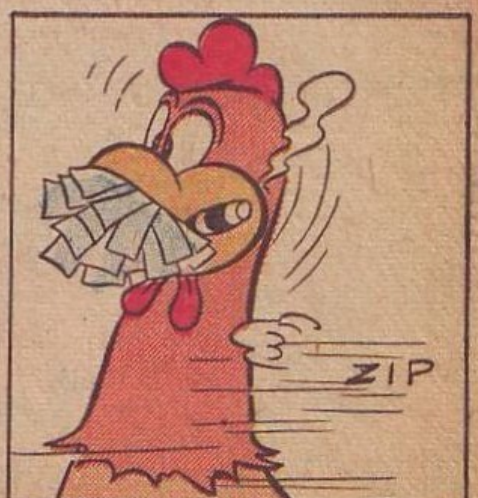
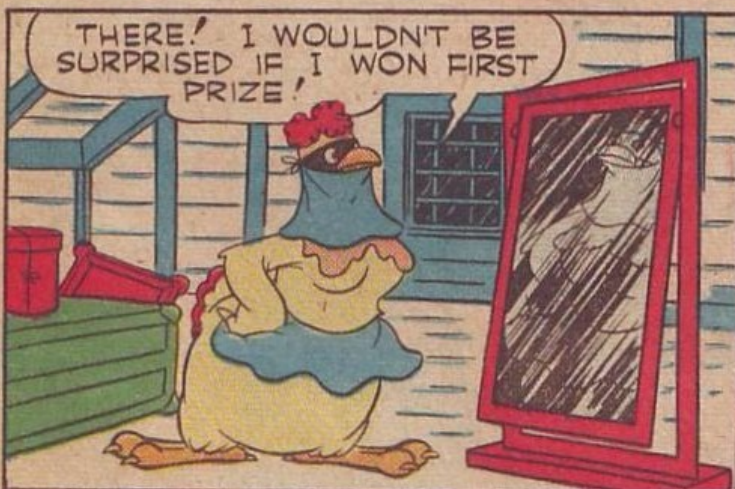
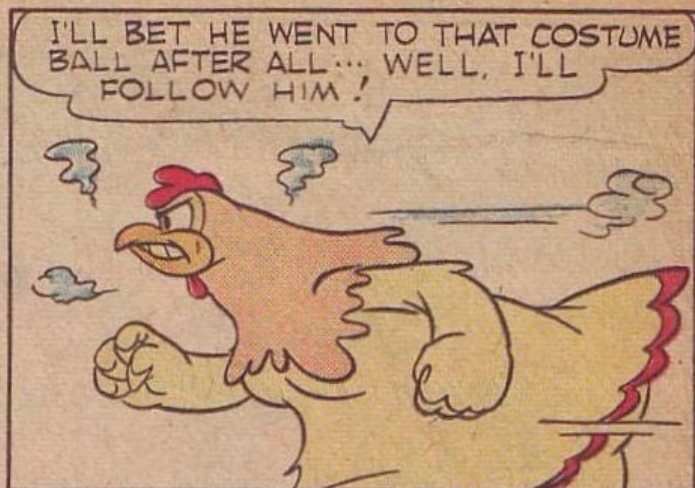
- LIKE THIS ?



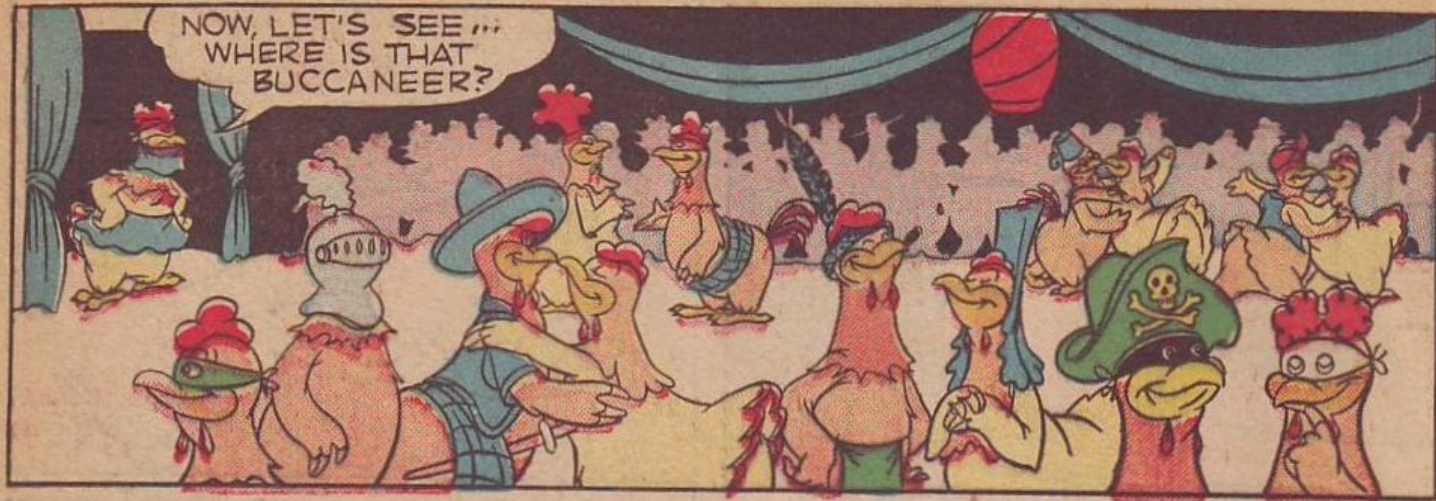
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS
COSTUME - YOU'RE NOT
GOING ANY
PLACE!







NOW, LET'S SEE...
WHERE IS THAT
BUCCANEER?



AH, THERE HE IS!
AND DANCING WITH THAT
HUSSY TOO!



OH, DEAR—THERE
IS ANOTHER ONE...



AND ANOTHER ONE!
THAT MAKES THREE
BUCCANEERS...



HOW AM I EVER GOING
TO TELL WHICH ONE IS MY
HUSBAND?

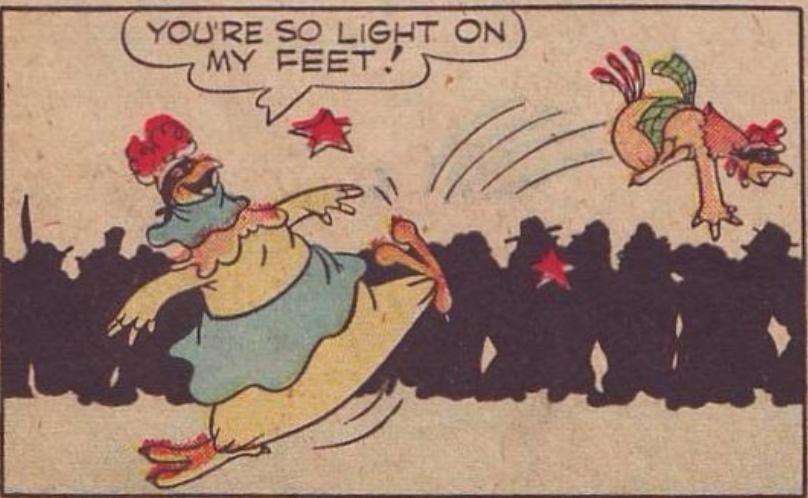
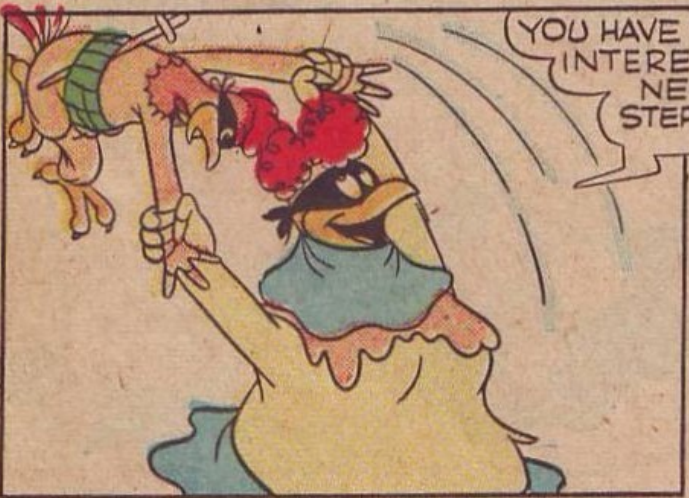
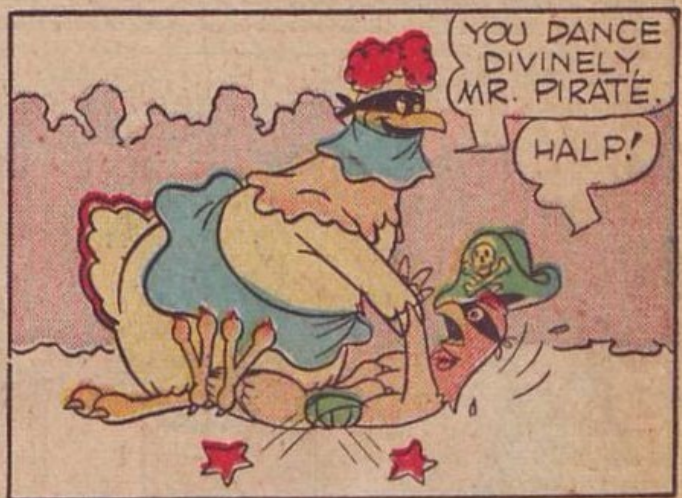
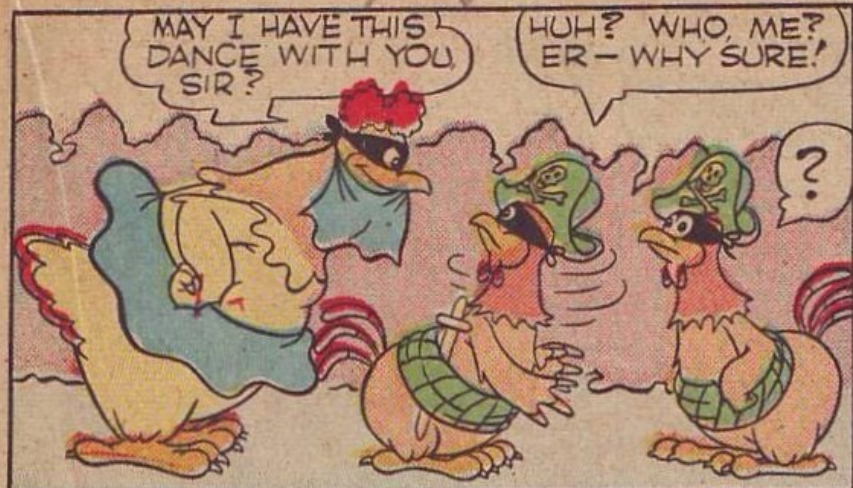


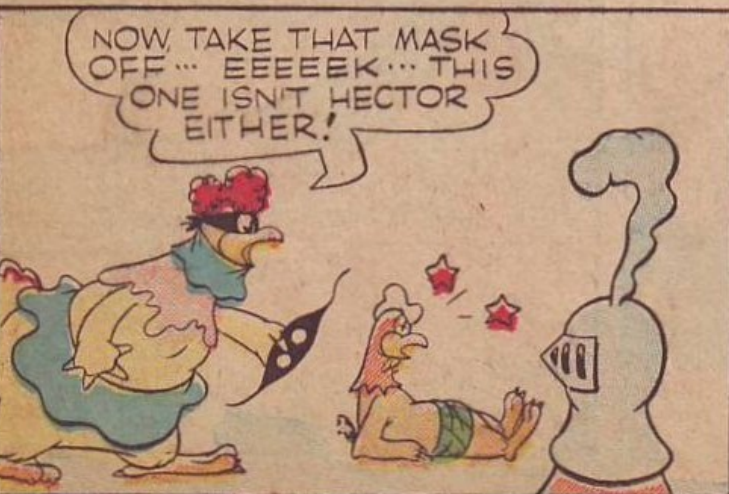
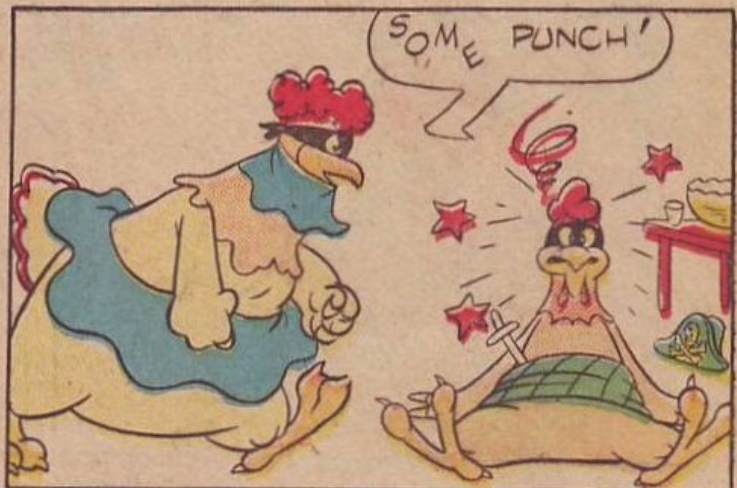
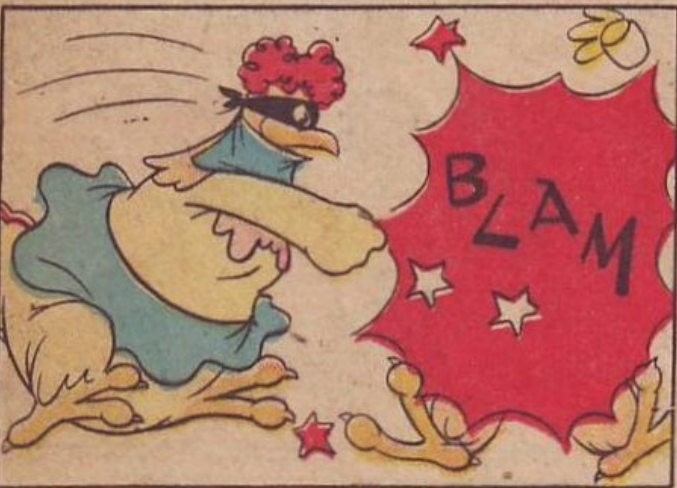
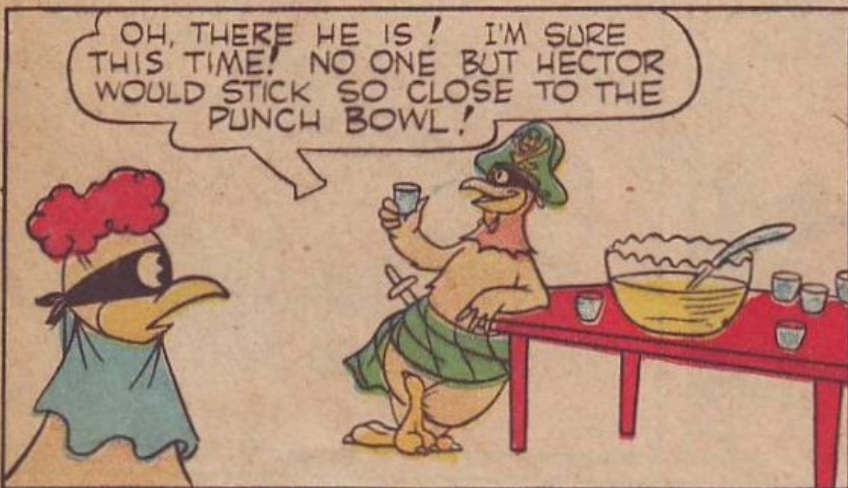
AHH! THAT ONE IS
HECTOR! I'D KNOW THOSE
BIG FEET ANYWHERE!

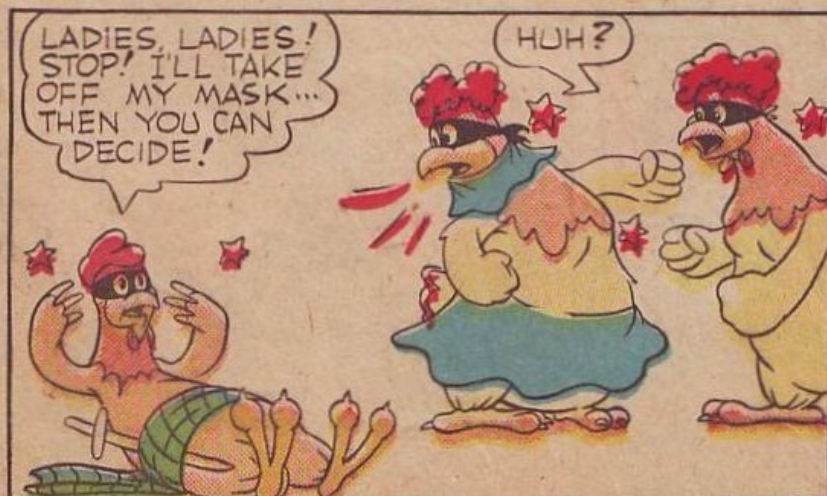
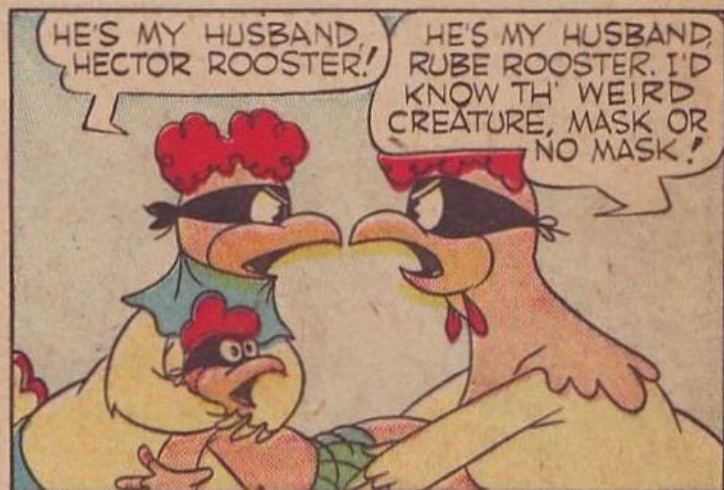
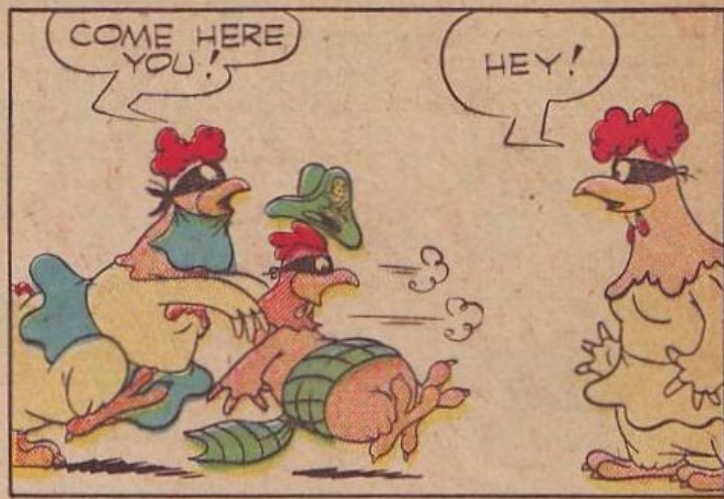


I'LL GO AND ASK HIM TO
DANCE WITH ME! THEN I'LL
FIX HIM FOR SNEAKING OUT!









OH, MY DEAR, I'M SO SORRY!

ME TOO, HONEY!
THEY'RE NOT WORTH
FIGHTING OVER.

CAN I
GO NOW?



DARLING, I MUST
TELL YOU ABOUT
THE LITTLE EGG-
WARMER I SAW TODAY.



WELL, BYE, BYE, DEAR! I MUST
HURRY HOME... I WANT TO
PRACTICE THAT LEFT HOOK
YOU SHOWED ME.



I'LL FIX HECTOR
FOR EMBARRASSING ME!



THERE HE IS
—IN BED!



GET OUT OF THAT
BED, HECTOR! I KNOW YOU WERE
TO THAT COSTUME BALL!

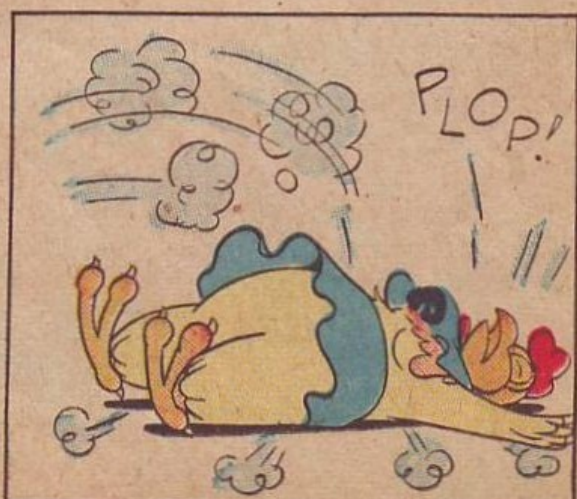


SURE, I WAS! WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO ABOUT
IT?



TUBE GROSSMAN

FLOP!



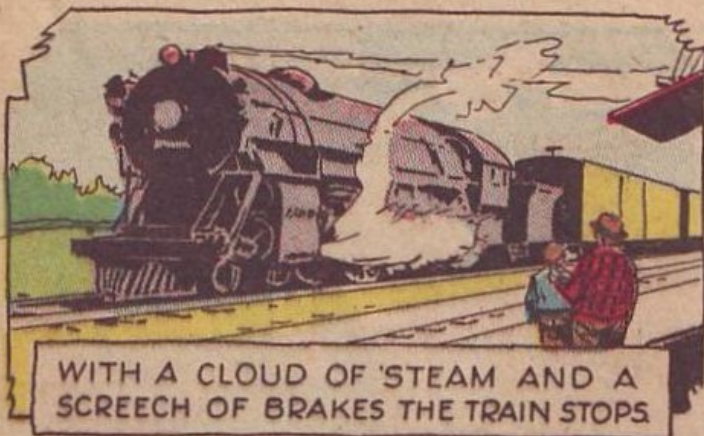
PALOMINO



ONE FINE SPRING DAY FINDS TOMMY OWENS AND HIS DAD WAITING AT THE BAKERSVILLE STATION.

THE COLT UNCLE JACK SENT YOU WILL BE ON THIS FREIGHT TRAIN, TOMMY—HERE IT COMES!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM, DAD—A REAL GOLDEN PALOMINO FROM TEXAS!



WITH A CLOUD OF STEAM AND A SCREECH OF BRAKES THE TRAIN STOPS

THERE'S YOUR BIRTHDAY GIFT, SON—AS WILD AS A YOUNG TIGER!

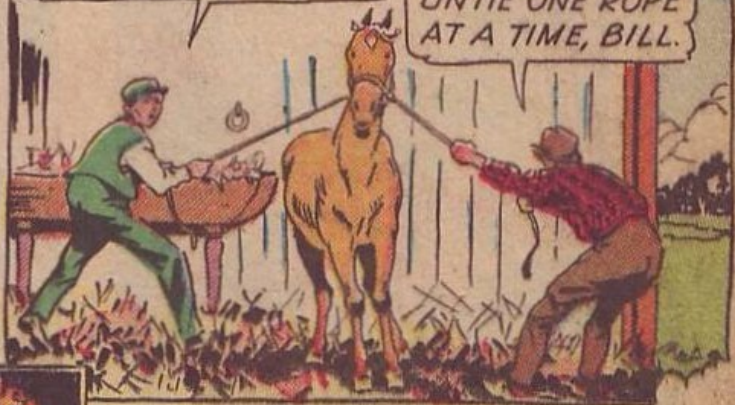


I CAN TAME HIM, DAD! I'M GOING TO CALL HIM STARLIGHT AND RIDE HIM TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY.

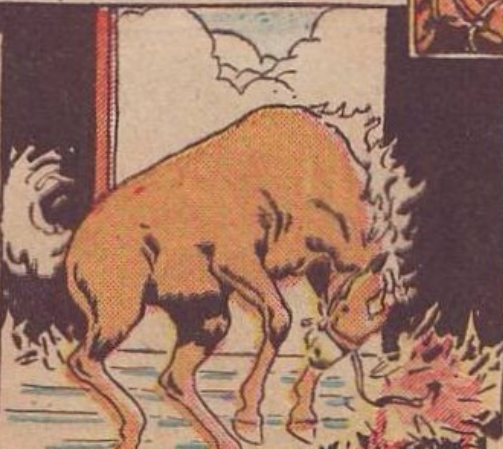


WE GOTTA HANDLE HIM MIGHTY CAREFUL.

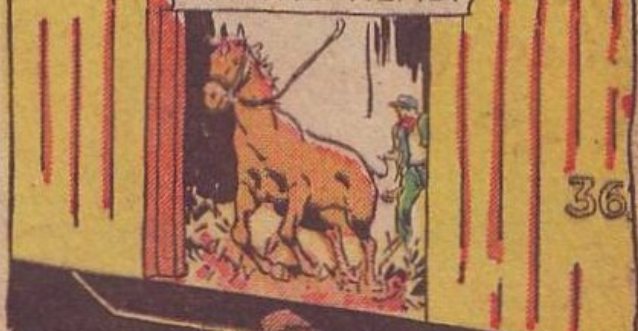
UNTIE ONE ROPE AT A TIME, BILL.



STARLIGHT NEEDS NO COAXING! WITH A MIGHTY PLUNGE HE SNAPS HIS LEATHER HALTER.



OUT THROUGH THE CAR DOOR HE LEAPS—RIGHT OVER TOMMY OWENS' HEAD.



WHOA,
STARLIGHT!
WHOA, BOY!

DON'T WORRY, TOMMY,
THE FENCE'LL
TURN HIM.

BUT NO
FIVE-FOOT
STATION
FENCE
CAN STOP
A RANGE-
BRED
STALLION.

DAD! BILL! HE'S
GONE INTO THE
WOODS—HURRY!

THE RIVER BEND
IS JUST BEYOND
THE TREES.

THAT'LL STOP
HIM, SURE!

I'LL HEAD HIM
OFF—IF I CAN
GET THERE IN
TIME!

THERE HE IS—
AT THE BEND!
HE'S CORNERED!

BUT THE RIVER'S BREADTH IS
NO BARRIER FOR STARLIGHT.

THIRTY FEET OUT FROM THE
BANK HE STRIKES THE WATER.



A MINUTE LATER HE LUNGES OUT—ON THE OPPOSITE BANK.

THERE HE GOES—
HEADIN' FOR TALL
TIMBER...YOU'LL NEVER
GET HIM NOW!

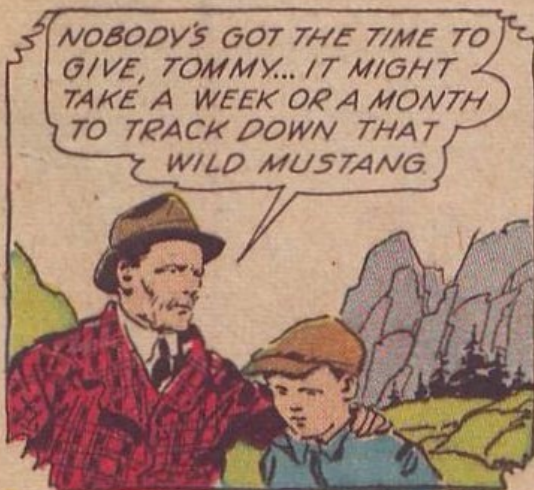
I'M AFRAID NOT,
BILL! IT'S TOUGH
FOR TOMMY.



BUCK UP, SON! CRYING
WON'T BRING YOUR
COLT BACK... I'LL
GIVE YOU THE
BROWN MARE'S NEW
FOAL TO RAISE



I'LL NEVER LOVE
ANOTHER HORSE LIKE—
LIKE STARLIGHT! CAN'T
WE GET THE
NEIGHBORS TO
HELP US HUNT
FOR HIM?



NOBODY'S GOT THE TIME TO
GIVE, TOMMY... IT MIGHT
TAKE A WEEK OR A MONTH
TO TRACK DOWN THAT
WILD MUSTANG.

THAT NIGHT
AFTER HIS
PARENTS
ARE ASLEEP,
TOMMY OWENS
WRITES A
SHORT
LETTER



DEAR MOTHER AND DAD:
I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY
PALOMINO, STARLIGHT, SO
I'M NOT COMING BACK TILL
I FIND HIM.
YOUR LOVING SON,
TOMMY.

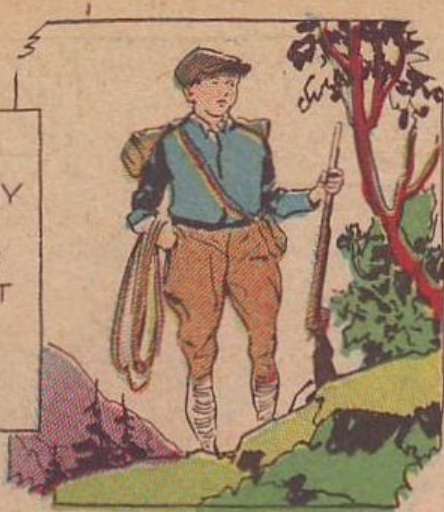


WITH HIS .22
CALIBRE RIFLE,
A LENGTH OF
ROPE, AND A
BAG OF SAND-
WICHES TOMMY
CLIMBS OUT OF
HIS BEDROOM
WINDOW

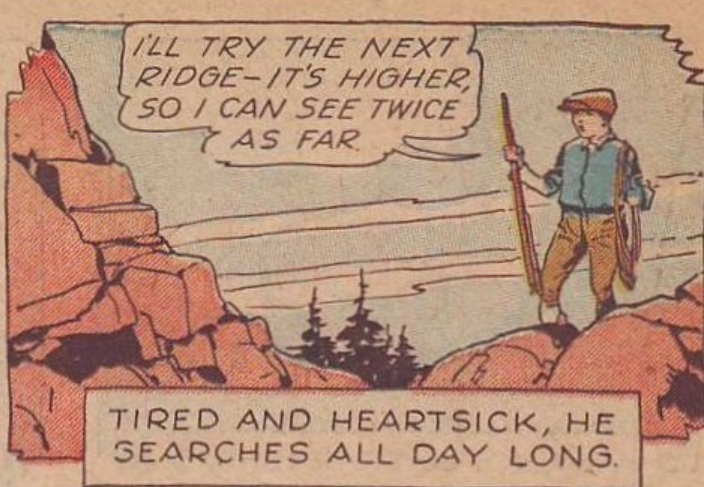


BY MOONLIGHT HE CROSSES
THE PASTURE LOT TO WHERE
THE WOODS BEGIN.

MORNING FINDS TOMMY SCANNING THE HILLS FOR A SIGHT OF HIS WONDER HORSE.



I'LL TRY THE NEXT RIDGE—IT'S HIGHER, SO I CAN SEE TWICE AS FAR.



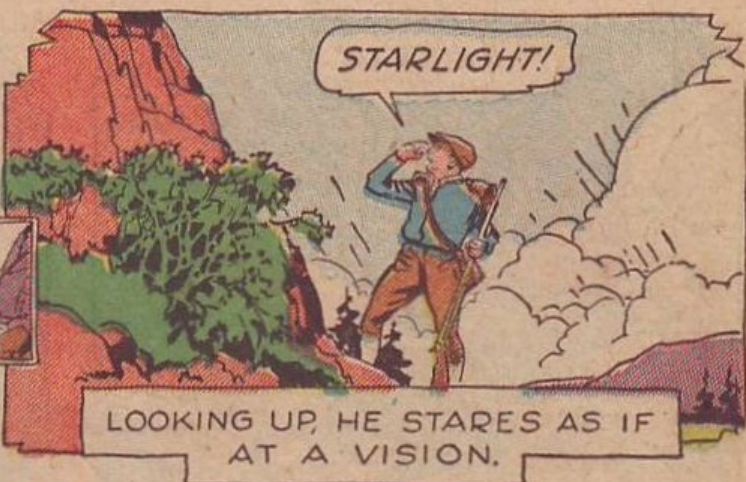
TIRED AND HEARTSICK, HE SEARCHES ALL DAY LONG.

HORSE TRACKS! I'VE FOUND HIS TRAIL!



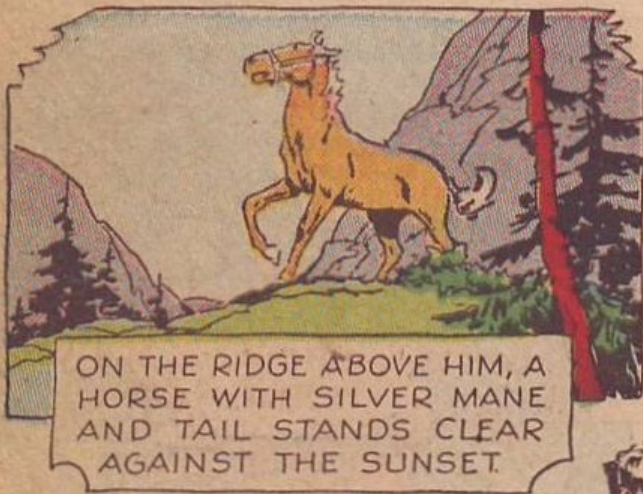
THEN, AN HOUR BEFORE SUNSET—

STARLIGHT!



LOOKING UP, HE STARES AS IF AT A VISION.

ON THE RIDGE ABOVE HIM, A HORSE WITH SILVER MANE AND TAIL STANDS CLEAR AGAINST THE SUNSET.



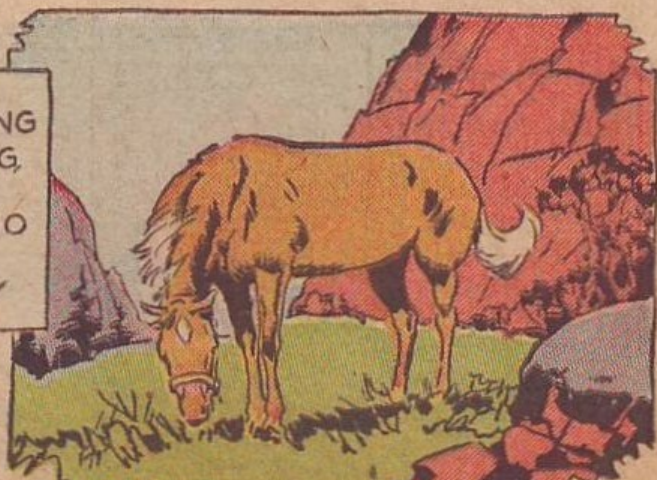
IF ONLY HE DOESN'T HEAR ME—PERHAPS I CAN GET NEAR ENOUGH TO ROPE HIM.



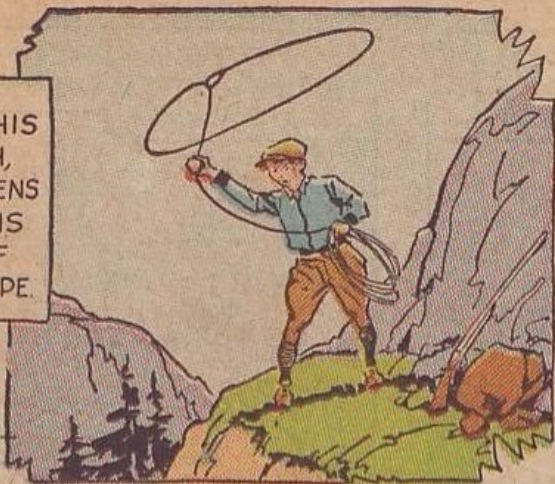
HE'S JUST BELOW THIS LEDGE! IF HE DOESN'T MOVE I CAN DROP MY ROPE RIGHT OVER HIS HEAD.



SUSPECTING NOTHING, THE PALOMINO FEEDS DAINTILY



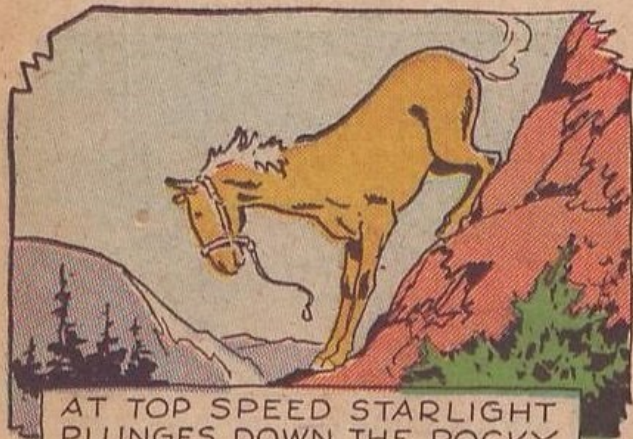
HOLDING HIS BREATH, TOMMY OWENS SWINGS HIS LOOP OF HEAVY ROPE.



THE THROW IS TOO SHORT.



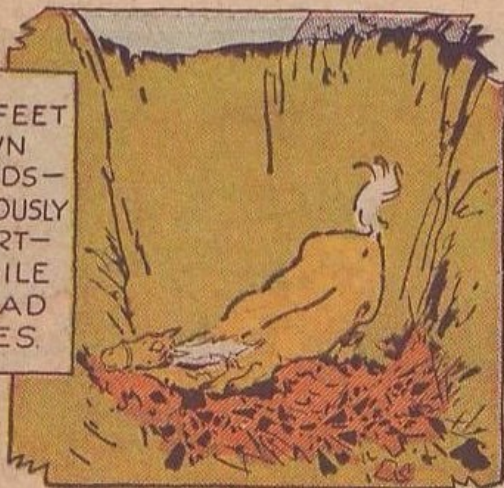
AT TOP SPEED STARLIGHT PLUNGES DOWN THE ROCKY, TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN SIDE.



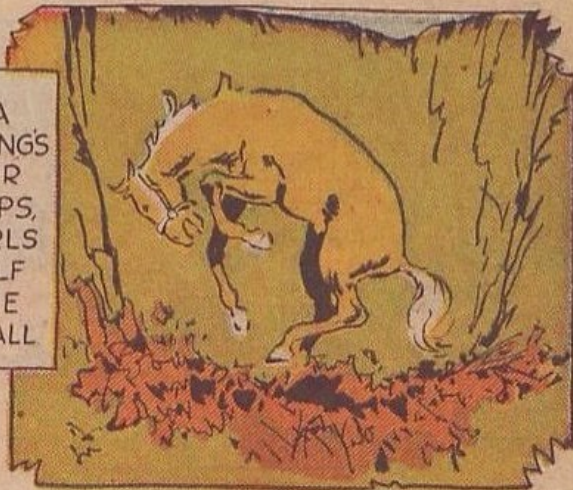
TOO LATE HE SEES THE BUSH-SCREENED PIT.



EIGHT FEET DOWN HE LANDS—MIRACULOUSLY UNHURT—ON A PILE OF DEAD LEAVES.



WITH A WILD THINGS TERROR OF TRAPS, HE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE PIT'S WALL.



IT WILL BE MY FAULT IF STARLIGHT BREAKS A LEG... I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN NEARER BEFORE I THREW MY ROPE



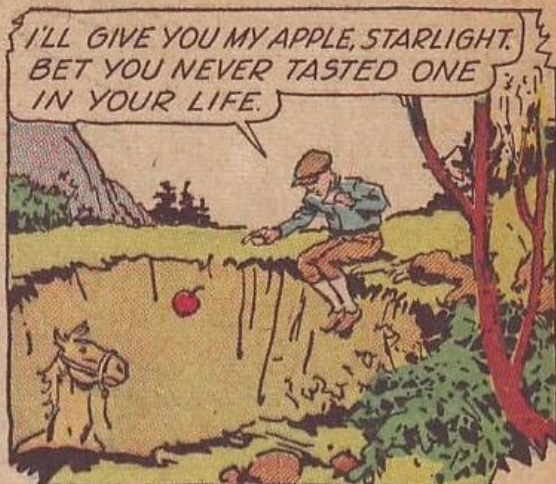
HE'S NOT HURT A BIT—BUT HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THAT HOLE WITHOUT HELP.



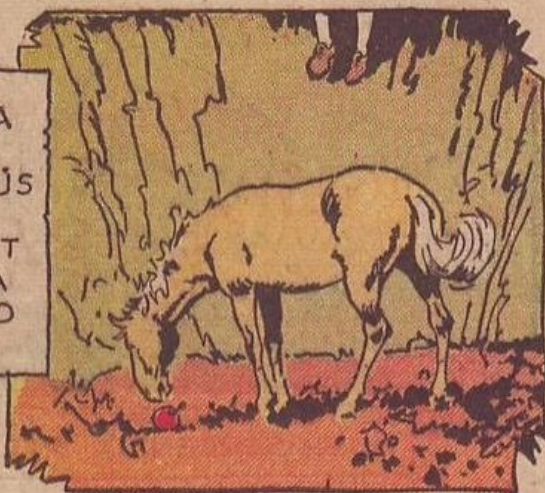
AS DARKNESS FALLS, TOMMY BUILDS A FIRE AND SPREADS HIS BLANKET AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT.



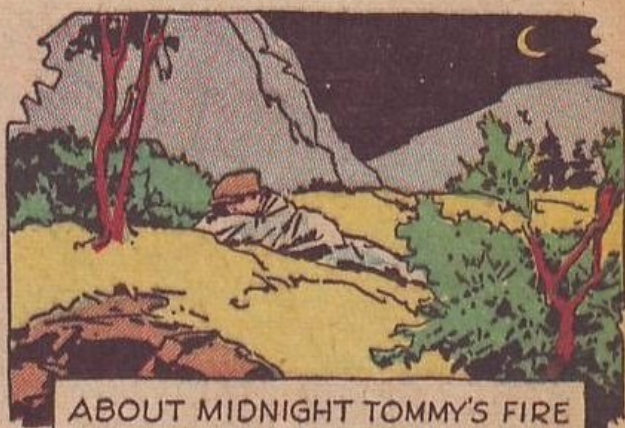
I'LL GIVE YOU MY APPLE, STARLIGHT, BET YOU NEVER TASTED ONE IN YOUR LIFE.



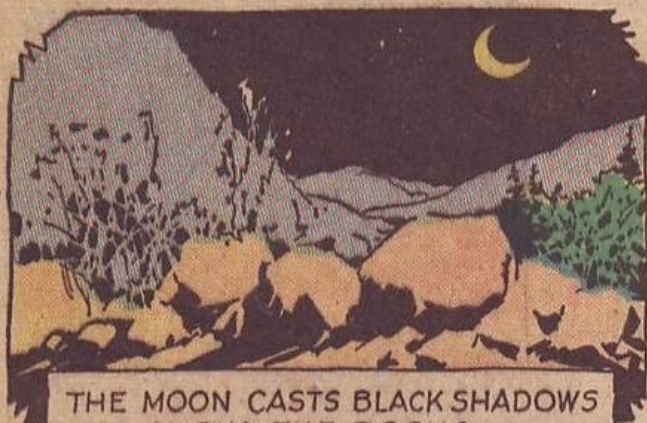
AFTER A FEW SUSPICIOUS SNIFFS STARLIGHT TAKES A BITE, AND LIKES IT.



ABOUT MIDNIGHT TOMMY'S FIRE DIES DOWN TO RED EMBERS.



THE MOON CASTS BLACK SHADOWS AMONG THE ROCKS—



—SUDDENLY TWO SHADOWS SEEM TO BE MOVING FROM ROCK TO ROCK.



SILENTLY, ON PADDED FEET, TWO GAUNT BEARS APPROACH THE PIT SCENTING THE COLT.



THE COLT REARS UP, SNORTING WITH FEAR.



S-STAR-L-LIGHT!
WHY-WHASSAMATTER?



B-B-BEARS!



I'LL SHOW 'EM! THEY
CAN'T KILL MY HORSE!



TOMMY'S FIREBRAND HITS
ITS MARK.



TAKE THIS, YOU BRUTE! YOU
LEAVE MY STARLIGHT ALONE!



FEARLESSLY
TOMMY
FIGHTS OFF
THE TWO
BEARS...HE'D
RATHER DIE
THAN LET
THEM HARM
HIS HORSE.



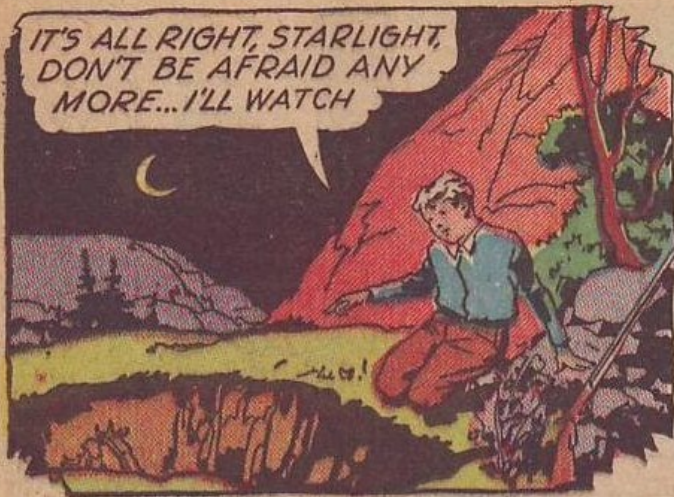
YOU BETTER NOT COME
BACK, YOU TWO-OR I'LL
ROAST YOU ALIVE!



GUESS I'D BETTER KEEP A GOOD FIRE
GOING THE REST OF THE NIGHT.



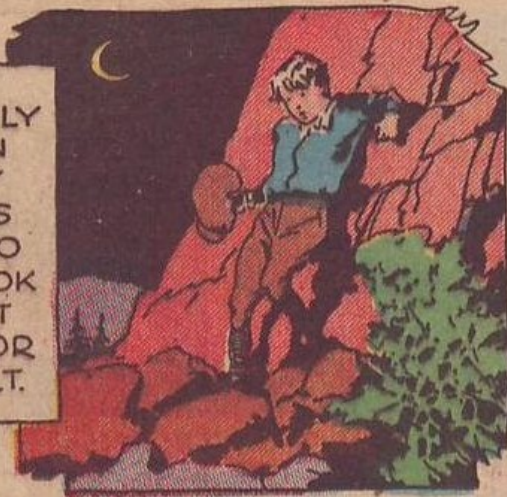
IT'S ALL RIGHT, STARLIGHT,
DON'T BE AFRAID ANY
MORE... I'LL WATCH



FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT TOMMY
SITS UP... HE FINDS FIGHTING OFF
SLEEP HARDER THAN FIGHTING OFF
BEARS.



AT EARLY
DAWN
TOMMY
CLIMBS
DOWN TO
THE BROOK
TO GET
WATER FOR
HIS COLT.



I'VE GOT TO GET HELP
TODAY OR STARLIGHT
AN' I WILL BE GONERS
TOMORROW.



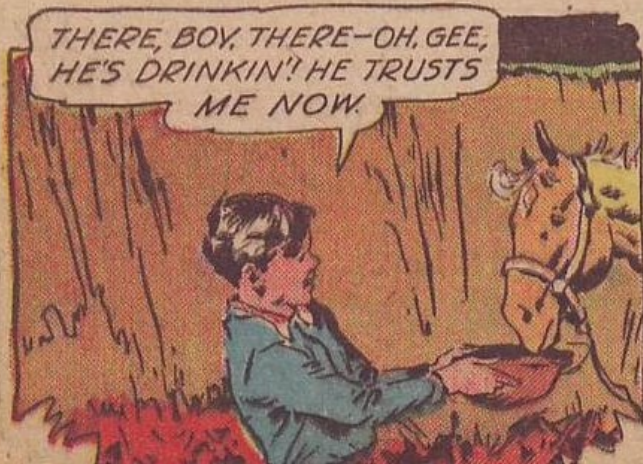
I'VE GOT TO FIND A
WAY—IF I COULD
SEND AN S.O.S.—IF
I ONLY HAD MY
MORSE SET.



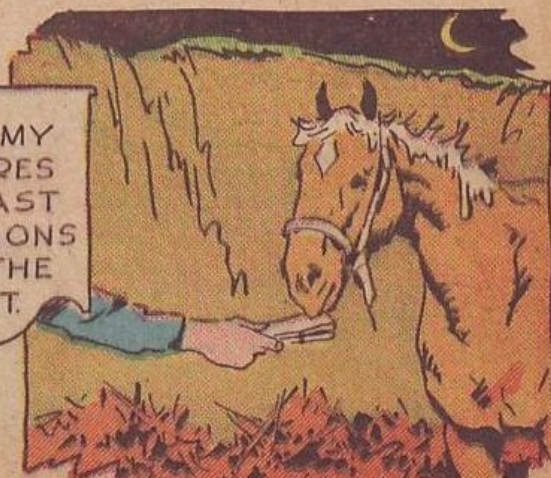
DON'T BE SCARED, STARLIGHT,
I'M YOUR FRIEND! DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?

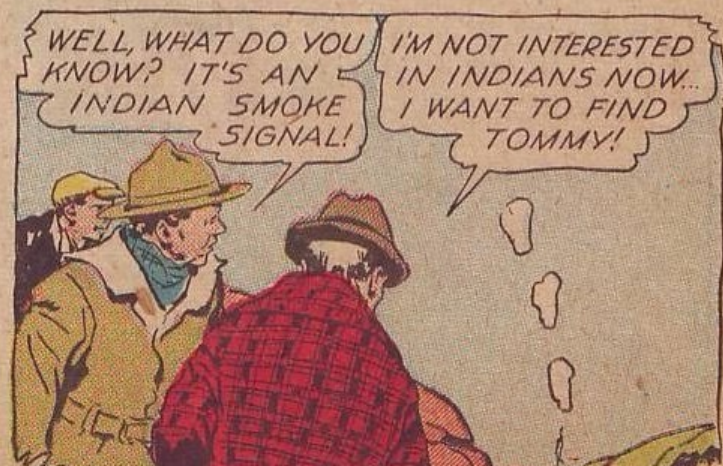
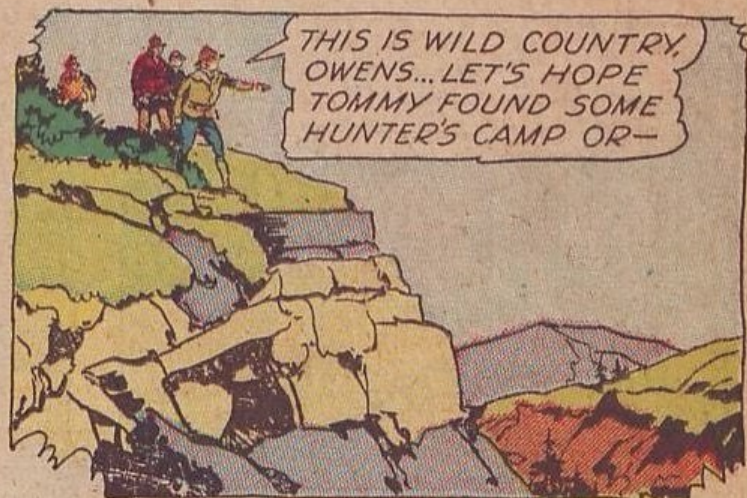
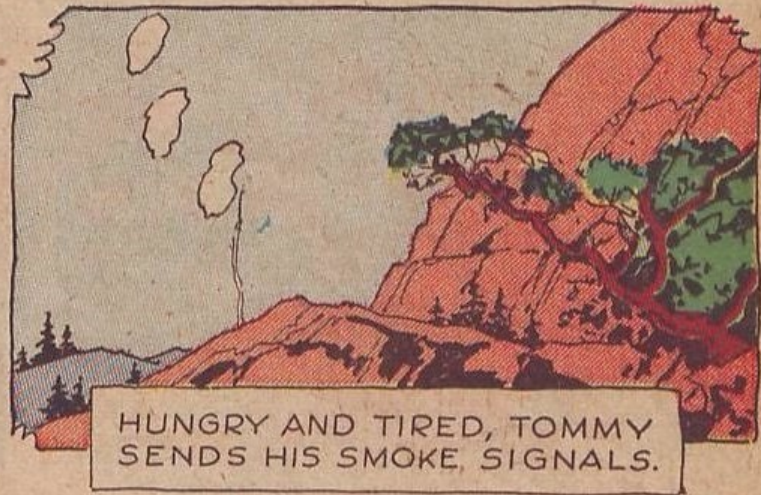


THERE, BOY, THERE—OH, GEE,
HE'S DRINKIN'! HE TRUSTS
ME NOW.



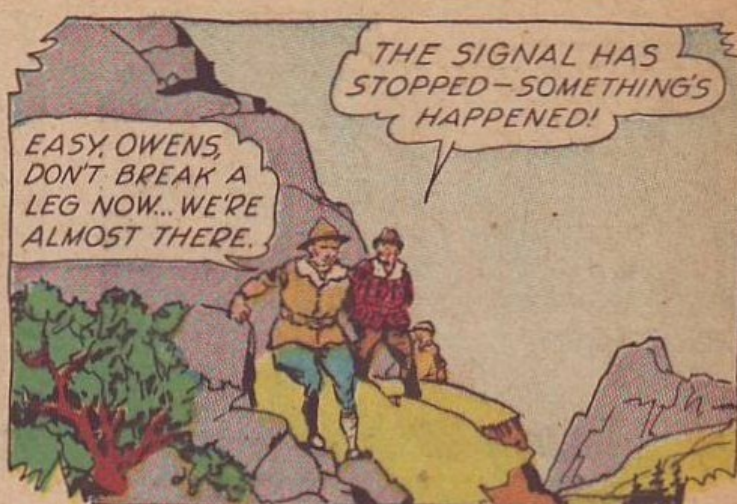
TOMMY
SHARES
HIS LAST
PROVISIONS
WITH THE
COLT.





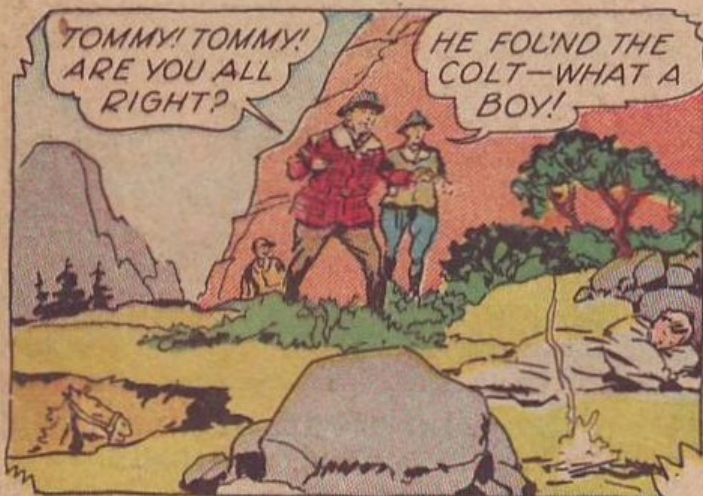


YOU'LL BE INTERESTED
IN THIS INDIAN, OWENS...
THE SIGNAL SPELLS
S-O-S—S-O-S!



EASY, OWENS,
DON'T BREAK A
LEG NOW... WE'RE
ALMOST THERE.

THE SIGNAL HAS
STOPPED—SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED!



TOMMY! TOMMY!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

HE FOUND THE
COLT—WHAT A
BOY!



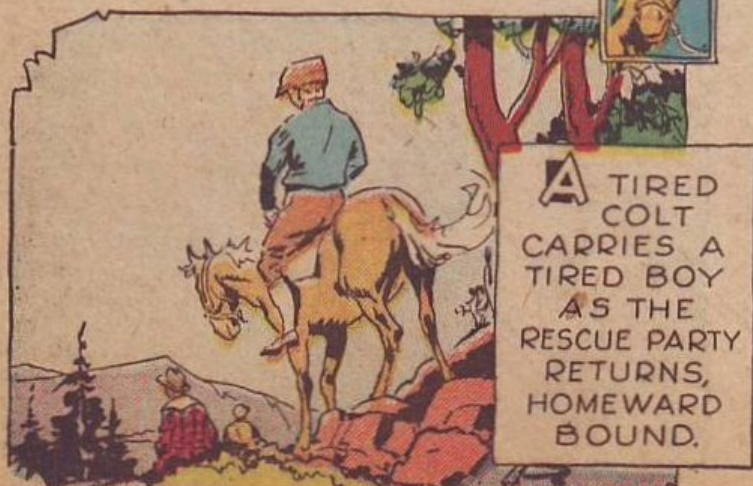
I KNEW YOU'D COME, DAD—
AND I TAMED STARLIGHT...
HE'S MY PAL NOW. GOSH,
DAD, WE'RE HUNGRY!



WE'LL GET STARLIGHT OUT
ALL RIGHT, TOMMY, DON'T
WORRY.



EASY, STARLIGHT,
THEY'RE HELPING
YOU.



A TIRED
COLT
CARRIES A
TIRED BOY
AS THE
RESCUE PARTY
RETURNS,
HOMeward
BOUND.



WE'LL BE HOME SOON, STARLIGHT.
WAIT TILL YOU SEE YOUR NEW
HOME. I'VE FIXED IT
ALL MYSELF.



The Orphan Canary

The little canary sat on the edge of a twig and a tear rolled down his beak and dropped to the ground. He was very unhappy. Here he was, forced to listen to all the other birds singing so beautifully, and he couldn't join in their song. For this little fellow was an orphan in the flock. When the cold breezes of autumn told them it was time to fly south for the winter, all the birds had banded together and set out for this lovely forest, and though there was no one to look after the little canary, he went with them. Though he had no mother or father to teach him the ways of the forest, he followed the flock for many weary days of hard flying until they had reached the forest in which they now dwelt.

Every year the birds practiced and practiced singing until their voices were in perfect condition, for at the end of the season, when it came time to fly north again, they elected their leader by holding a singing contest. Thus it was that the little orphan canary sat on a twig and let his tears fall to the ground, for he knew he would not be able to compete for the prize. Being an orphan he had no one to teach him how to sing. He had gone from family to family asking if someone would give him singing lessons, but each time he was refused for all the other birds were much too busy with their own young to take the time to teach a stranger.

Another tear dropped from the canary's eye, rolled down his beak, and fell to the ground.

beginning to rain. I'd better be getting along home." And to the amazement of the little bird, there under the bush sat a little man no bigger than a minute. He was all dressed in green, with a little peaked hat, and pointed-toed shoes. As the canary watched him, the little man hopped to his feet and looked up at the sky.

"It can't be raining, the sun's still out." Then he caught sight of the canary on the bush overhead and stopped.

"Oh ho," he said, putting his finger alongside his nose. "What have we here? A little bird. And a crying bird, at that. Tsk, ts, ts. That is serious. Come, my little friend. Tell me what troubles you."

Because the little canary felt so badly, he found himself pouring out his troubles. But to his surprise, when he was through, instead of sympathizing with him, the little creature in green laughed merrily.

"Is that all that troubles you? Why, I can fix that in a minute. I myself will teach you to sing." And the little fellow strutted about in the sunshine, flipping his long green coattails.

"I'm the good elf of the forest. It's my job to keep an eye on things and see that everything runs smoothly. And I can't stand by and have a bird in my forest that doesn't know how to sing, or I'd lose my good reputation."

"But can you really teach me how to sing?"

"Well, I can't sing myself, of course, but I can certainly take you to some of my friends who can. Come, follow me."

time to lose if you want to be ready for the contest."

The little canary shook his head. "It's no use," he said. "I've asked every bird in the forest and they are all too busy. No one wants to be bothered with an orphan."

But the little elf just laughed. "Don't you worry. I can see you haven't had much experience in the woods, or you'd know there are plenty of other creatures of the forest who can sing besides the birds."

The canary and his new friend hurried through the dense thicket. Soon they came to a little brook which tripped along over the stones. There they stopped. The little elf put his ear to the edge of the brook and listened for a moment. Then he said,

"Yes, she's in good voice today. Now if you'll just listen carefully, you'll hear the brook's voice, and that's as pretty a song as you could ask for."

Obligingly the little bird cocked his head and listened real carefully, and sure enough, he could hear the softest sweetest notes you can imagine.

"Now you try," said the elf. So the little bird opened up his bill and let out a peep. My goodness, but it was a strange sound. He looked sheepishly at the little elf who had put his fingers to his ears, but the elf said,

"Not very good, I'll admit, but all it takes is practice. Come now; try again." To be sure, the second time it was better.

"There now, you see? All you need is just to come here every day and practice, and before you know it you'll be singing as nicely as the brook."

The elf of the forest was right. Before many days had passed the little canary had learned the technique of singing ripples and trills, and not only that, but he had acquired an audience. For one day, as he stood on the edge of the brook, he saw a tiny figure watching him from under a flower. It was a cricket.

"Howdy, neighbor," said the cricket. "Mind if I join in a chorus or two?"

"Of course not," said the canary, and promptly the little creature set up a merry chirping by rubbing his hind legs together.

"Why, it sounds just like a fiddle," exclaimed the canary.

"Yep, that's right. Lots of folks think I



my hind legs all the time."

So the two sat by the little brook and played and sang until the sun was high in the blue summer sky.

The next day the little elf listened very carefully to the canary. Then he nodded his head in pleasure.

"It seems to me you've learned all the brook has to teach you. I guess it's time to go on to your next instructor." He led the little bird over to a group of trees. Then lifting up his head, he whistled a weird little tune. In answer a soft summer breeze began to blow through the trees, rustling the leaves, and whispering among the branches.

"There's your next teacher, the Summer Breeze," said the elf. "Just you listen to the song he sings as he blows through the trees, and the first thing you know you'll be singing as softly as he does."

So for many days more the little canary, his cricket friend accompanying him, sat near the trees and listened to the song of the south wind. Then one day the cricket brought his friend the beaver to help them keep time by slapping his tail against the rocks. Finally, when the canary had learned all he could from the south wind, the little elf of the forest said,

"Well, you have one more teacher, then you're through. And if by that time you haven't learned to sing better than any bird in this forest, I'll—I'll—I'll give up my job." He took his friend deep into the forest one dark day, and there they sat

sound of the raindrops as they pattered on the leaves and the ground.

The first thing they knew it was the day of the contest. There was a great to-do among the birds of the forest as they put on their brightest feathers and practiced their scales and trills. Every one was in such good voice the little canary began to wonder if he stood a chance, but his little elfin friend spurred him on, and soon the contest began.

First the bluebird sang, and it was beautiful indeed. The little canary began to worry. Then the meadow lark got up to sing, and he outshone the bluebird. One by one the birds of the forest took their turn, with each one the little canary growing more and more nervous.

"I don't think I'd better try," he whispered to the elf. "I don't feel very good."

"Nonsense," the elf answered. "It's just stage fright. You'll be all right as soon as you get started."

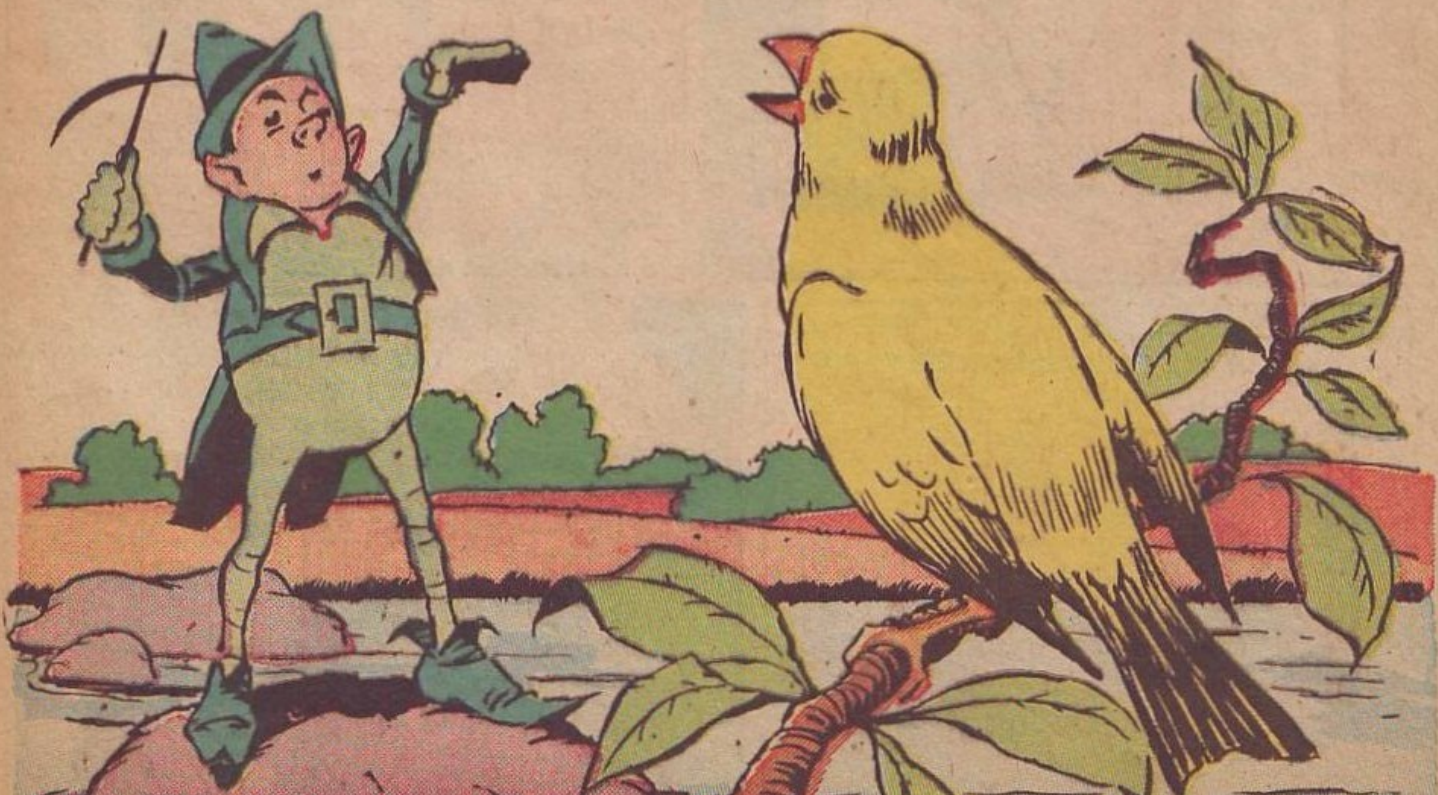
Finally it was the canary's turn, but when he stood up to sing before all the assembly he was so frightened his little knees shook and all he could manage were a few nervous squawks. All the other birds began to laugh, for they didn't think the canary had found anyone to teach him to sing. But just as the little bird was ready to give up without even trying, the little elf of the

forest saw his predicament and hurried off into the woods. In a moment he was back, and with him the cricket and the beaver. The cricket tuned up his fiddle, the beaver slapped his tail with a resounding blow against the ground, and before the little canary had a chance to think about being nervous, they were off, and he was singing with all his might and main.

Well, you never heard such singing in all your life. The other birds were so amazed they could hardly believe their ears. For the little canary sang so beautifully it put all the rest of them to shame. He had indeed learned his lessons well. For his voice had all the ripples and trills of the brook in the forest, and the soft whispers of the south wind blowing through the trees, and the clear sweet notes of the raindrops on the leaves.

Well, I don't have to tell you how the story ends. He was unanimously acclaimed the leader of the flock, and when the time came for them all to return to the north, he sang so beautifully that people watching the flock fly overhead knew that spring was surely on its way.

So that is why, of all the birds, the canary has the sweetest voice of all, for he was taught by the creatures of nature, and if you listen real hard some time you will hear their voices in his song.



BLACKIE

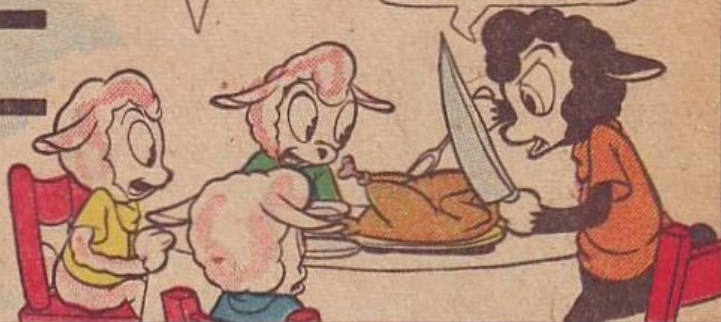
COPR. FAMOUS
1944 Studios

I WANNA
DRUMSTICK!

ME TOO!

ME TOO!

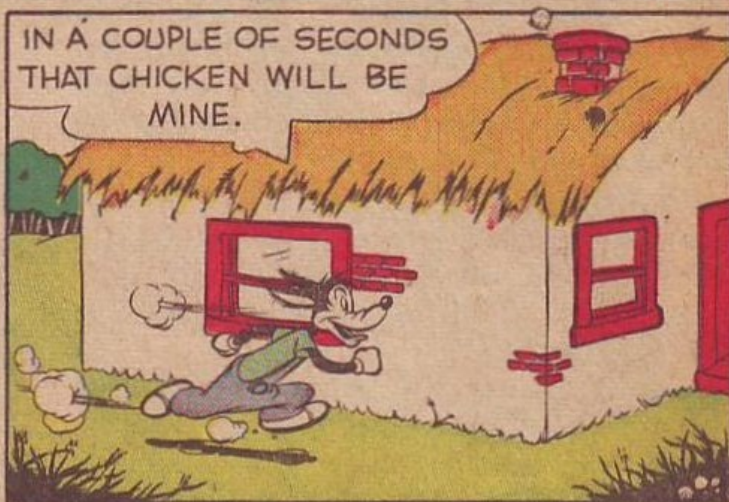
SAY, WAIT A MINUTE,
FELLERS, THIS IS A
CHICKEN, NOT A
CENT I PEDE!



AH-HA, ROAST CHICKEN!
ONE OF MY MANY FAVORITE
DISHES!



IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS
THAT CHICKEN WILL BE
MINE.



HELP! PLEASE SAVE ME! I'M A
BEE-UTIFUL GIRL IN
DISTRESS!

A BLOND GIRL!



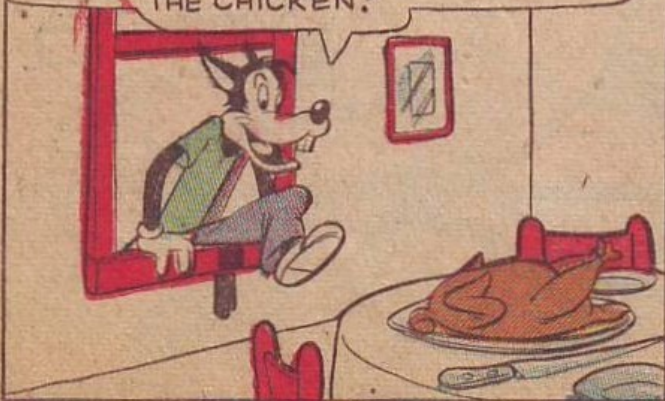
HUH? WHAT'S
THAT?

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL IN DISTRESS!

WHO CARES WHAT
DRESS SHE'S IN, LET'S
EAT OUR CHICKEN.



WHILE THE BOYS ARE HELPING THE
BEAUTIFUL GIRL, I'LL HELP MYSELF TO
THE CHICKEN!



LOOK, BLACKIE! IT'S THE
WOLF, AN' HE'S GOT OUR
CHICKEN.

WELL, I'LL
BE —



WE'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST, BOYS!



LET'S LOOK UNDER
"C"—HERE IT IS, CHICKEN!

"WHAT TO DO WHEN
THE WOLF STEALS
A HOT CHICKEN!"



FIRST I WRITE A
LITTLE NOTE!



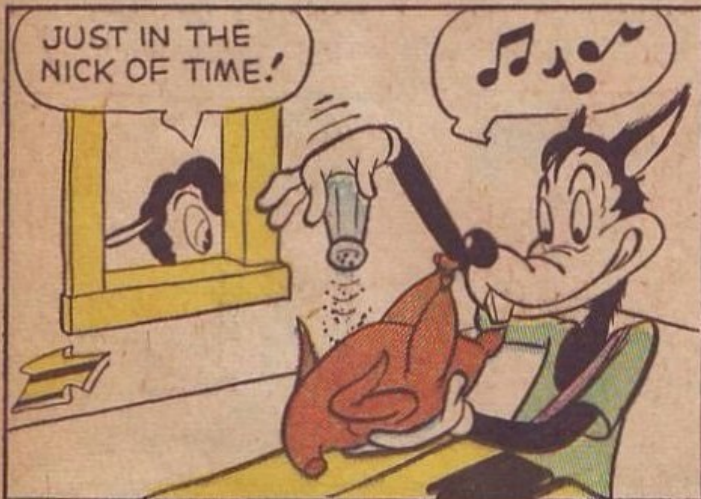
THEN I DELIVER THE NOTE
TO THE WOLF! I'LL BE
BACK IN A LITTLE
WHILE, FELLERS!



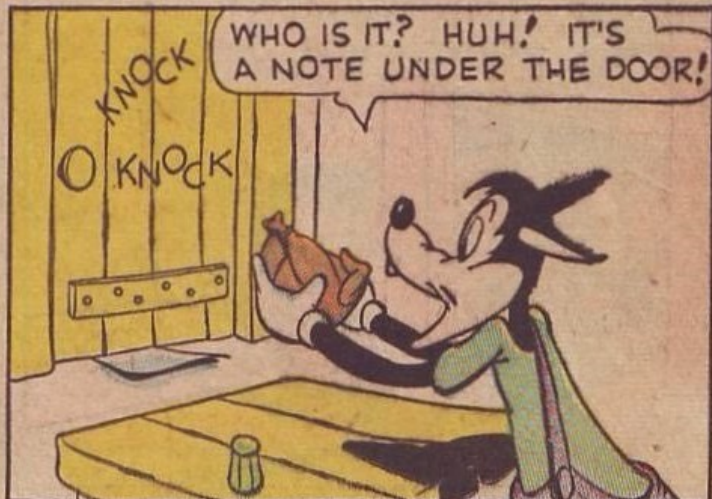
HOPE HE HASN'T STARTED
TO EAT THAT CHICKEN!



JUST IN THE
NICK OF TIME!



WHO IS IT? HUH! IT'S
A NOTE UNDER THE DOOR!



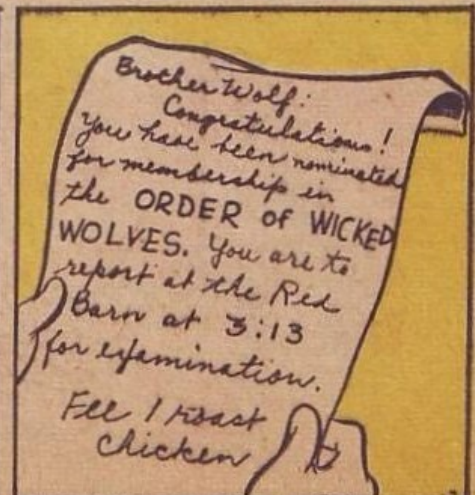
MAYBE IT'S A FAN LETTER
FROM A SECRET ADMIRER!



O' BOY!



Brother Wolf:
Congratulations!
You have been nominated
for membership in
the ORDER OF WICKED
WOLVES. You are to
report at the Red
Baron at 3:13
for extermination.
Eat 1 Roast
Chicken



GOSH, I'D BETTER HURRY!
IT'S CLOSE TO THREE
NOW!

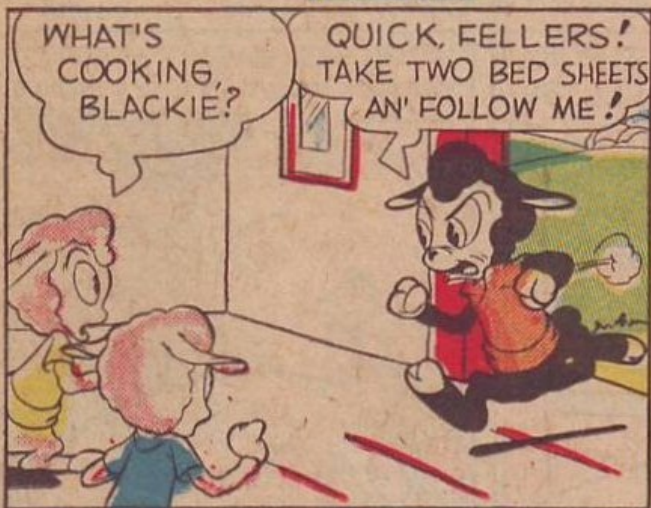


IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD THIS
CHICKEN... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED
TO BE A MEMBER O' TH' Q.W.W.!



WHAT'S
COOKING,
BLACKIE?

QUICK, FELLERS!
TAKE TWO BED SHEETS
AN' FOLLOW ME!



WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO THE OLD RED BARN
BEFORE THE WOLF DOES.



AH, HE HASN'T
ARRIVED YET!



NOW PUT THE
SHEET OVER YA!

AN' LET ME DO
THE TALKING!



AHEM!

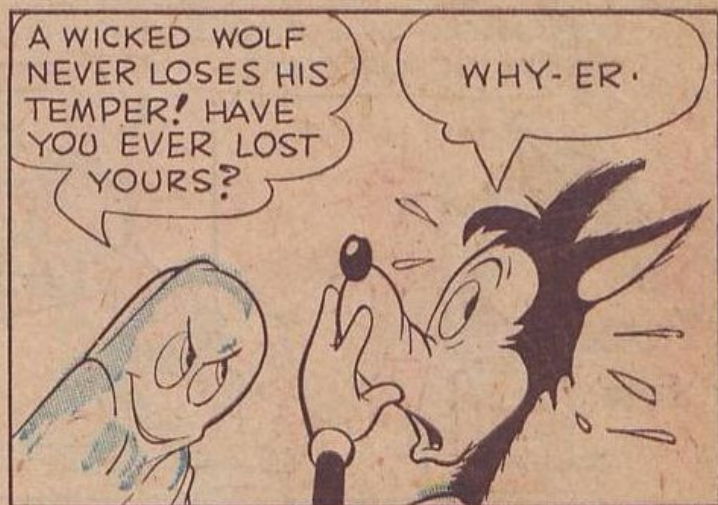
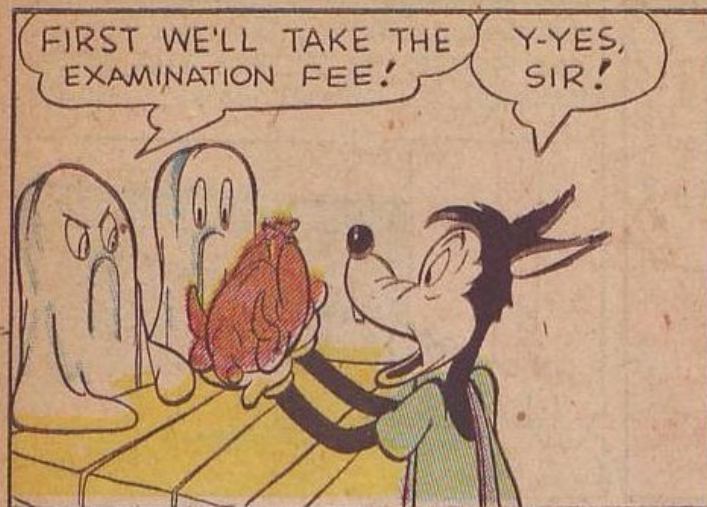
PUFF
PUFF!



BROTHER WOLF!
YOU'RE A HALF
MINUTE LATE!

Y-YES, SIR!
I'M SORRY,
YOUR HONOR!

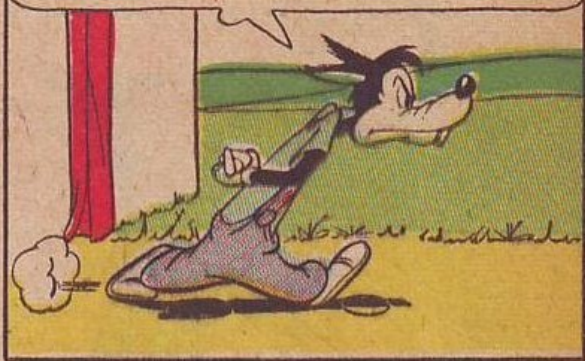




ALL RIGHT! IF YOU CAN STAY AT JACKIE'S HOME FOR ONE HOUR WITHOUT LOSING YOUR TEMPER, YOU WILL BE MADE A MEMBER.

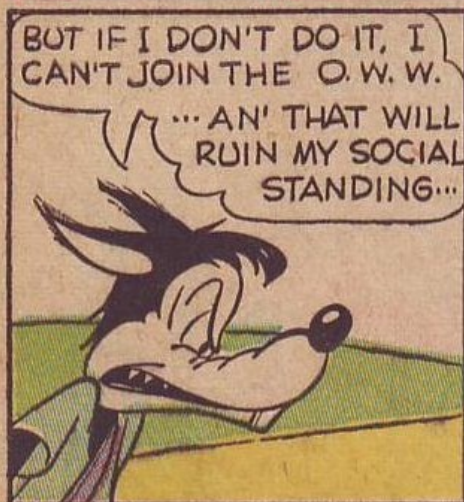


OOOH, HOW'M I GONNA SPEND AN HOUR IN BLACKIE'S HOUSE WITHOUT LOSING MY TEMPER.



BUT IF I DON'T DO IT, I CAN'T JOIN THE O.W.W.

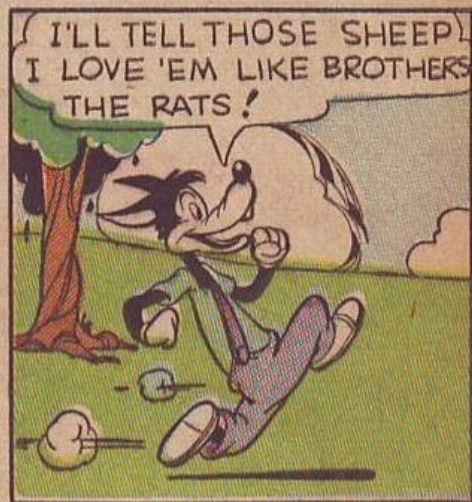
...AN' THAT WILL RUIN MY SOCIAL STANDING...



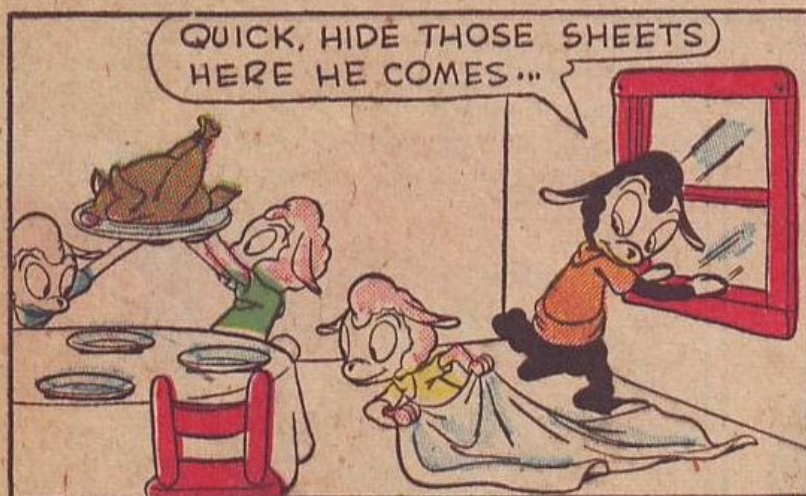
AHH, I HAVE IT! I'LL TELL BLACKIE I'M A REFORMED CHARACTER.



I'LL TELL THOSE SHEEP! I LOVE 'EM LIKE BROTHERS THE RATS!



QUICK, HIDE THOSE SHEETS HERE HE COMES...



WHO IS IT?

IT'S ME ♪ YOUR OLD PAL WOLFY ♪



OH! HOW D'YA DO!

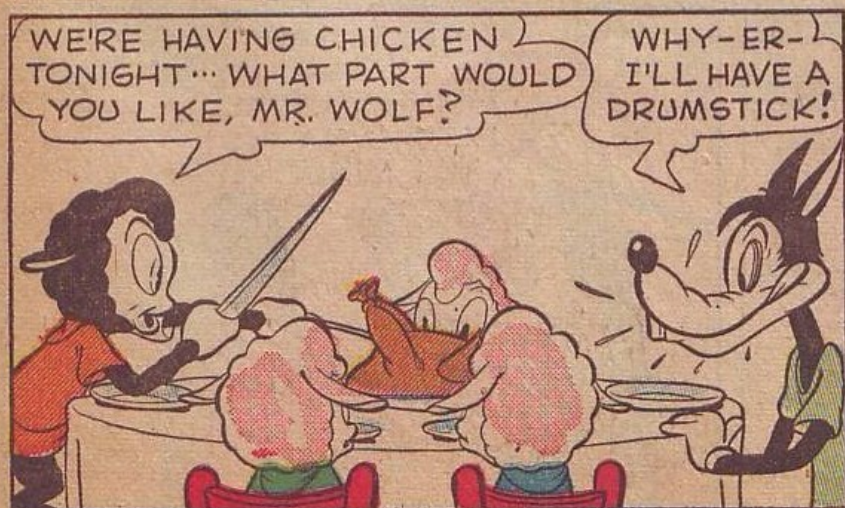
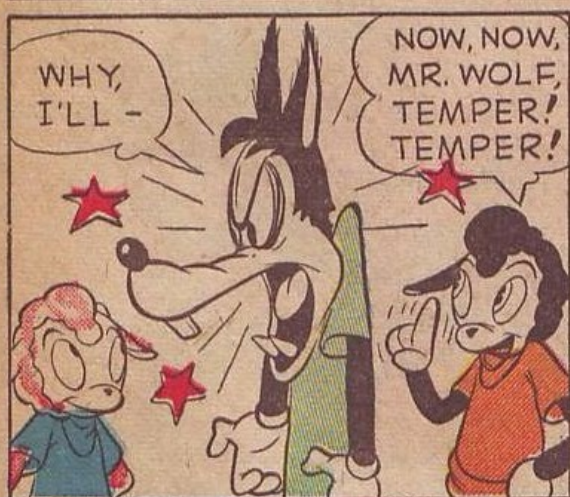
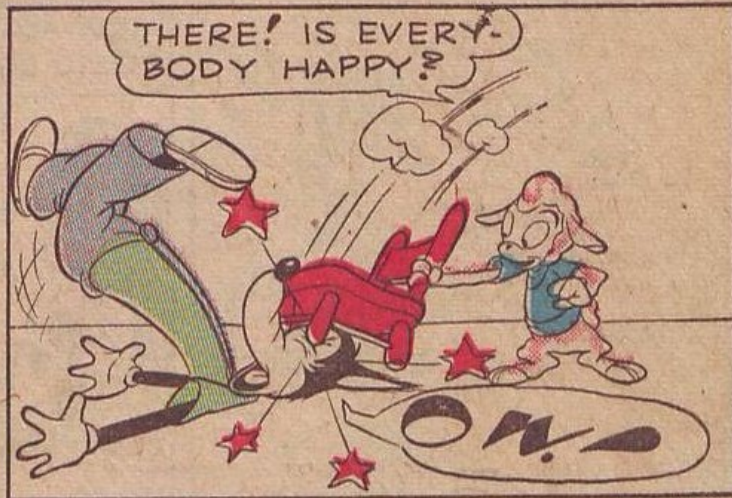
JUST THOUGHT I'D STOP BY FOR A NEIGHBORLY VISIT.



COME IN!

THANK YOU! WE NEIGHBORS MUST STICK TOGETHER!





YOU MAY HAVE ANOTHER
DRUMSTICK IF YOU WISH;
WE HAD TWO LEFT OVER
FROM LAST CHRISTMAS!



YEH, RUBE
BUSTED THE
DRUM!



SOME MASHED
POTATOES,
MR. WOLF?



Y-YES,
THANKS!



HOW ABOUT
SOME GRAVY?

MFFG P!

SAY WHEN!



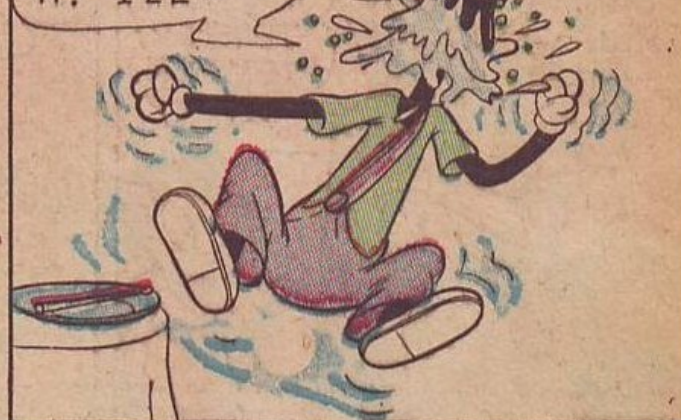
OH YES, AN'
SOME PEAS.



AN' CELERY!



I CAN'T STAND
IT! I'LL...



AHHHHH...



WHAT'S THE MATTER
MR. WOLF...
INDIGESTION?
TSK TSK, YOU
MUSTA ATE
TOO FAST!

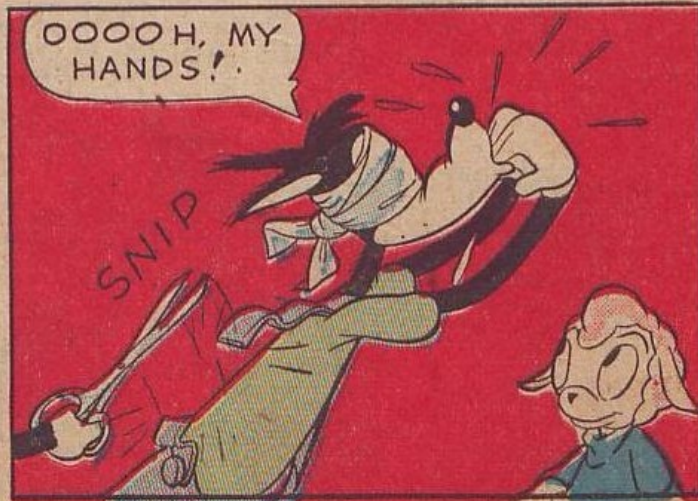
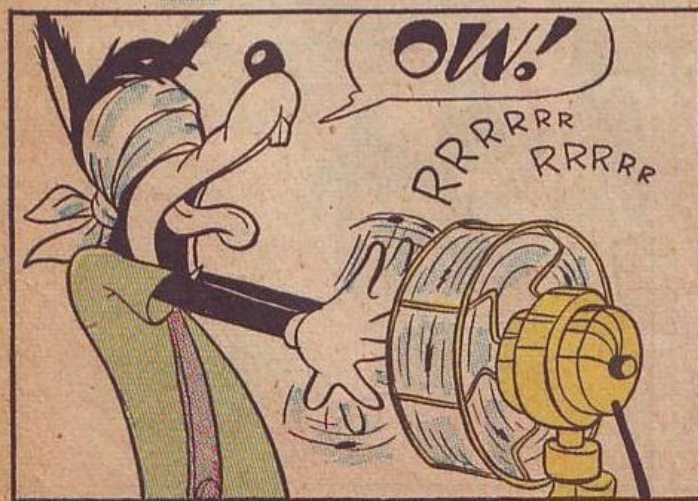
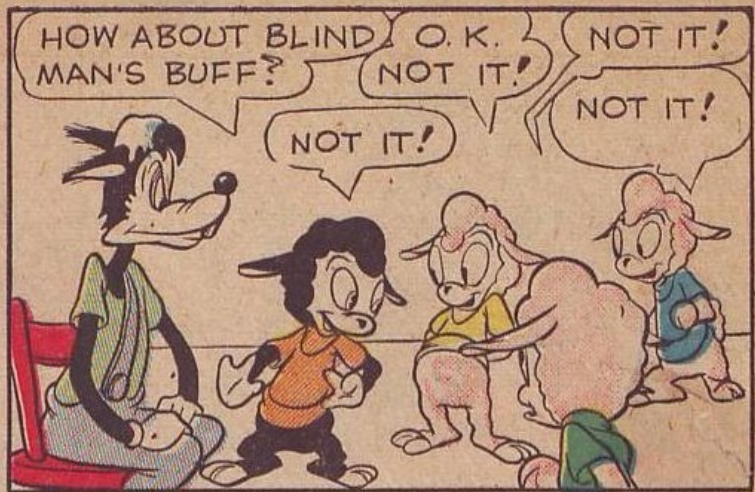
WH-WHAT TIME
IS IT?

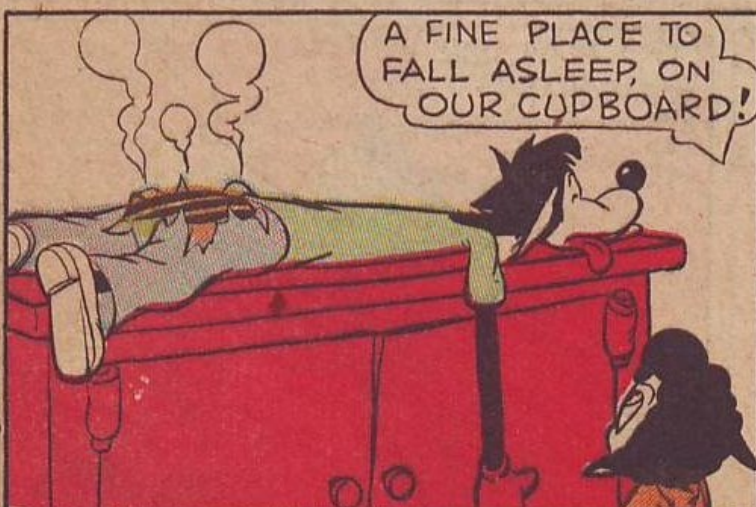
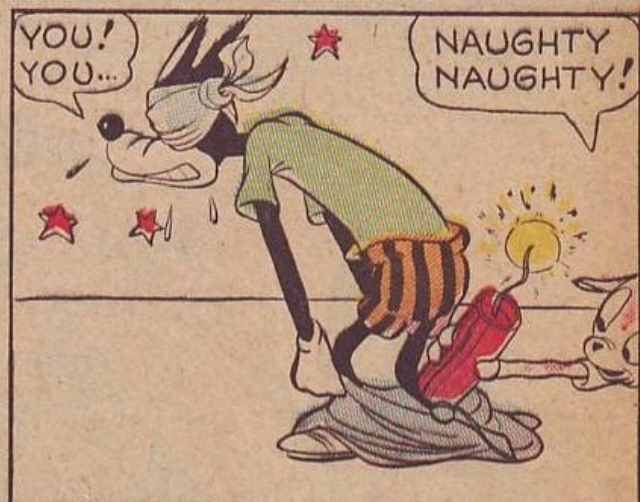
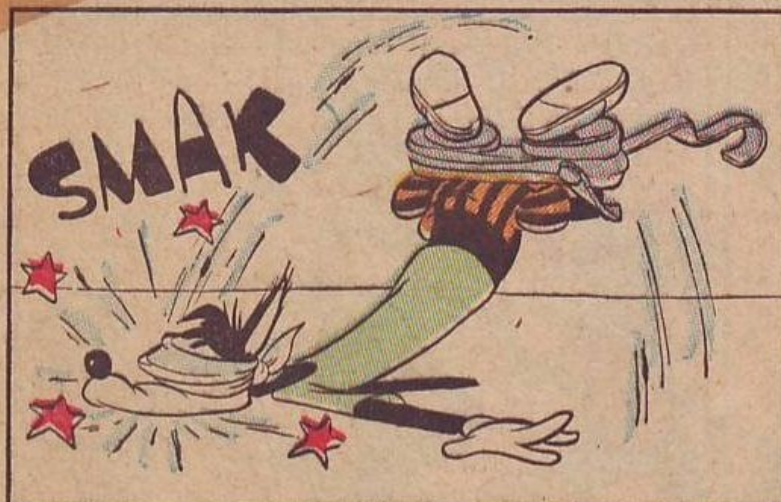
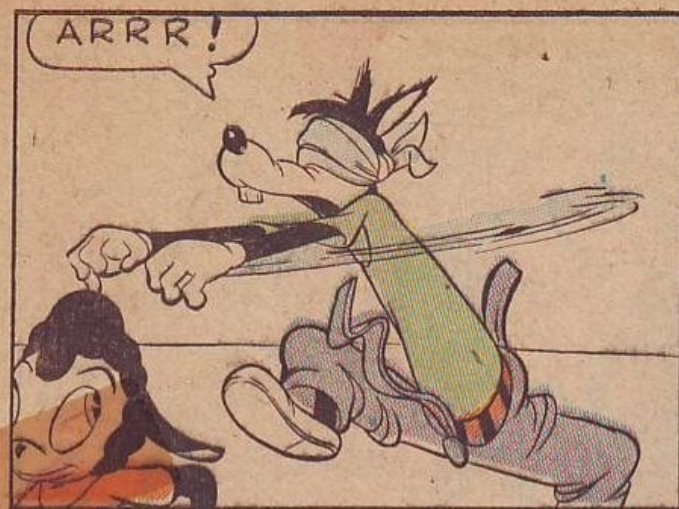


TEN MINUTES
AFTER FOUR.

I'VE BEEN
HERE ONLY
TEN MINUTES.







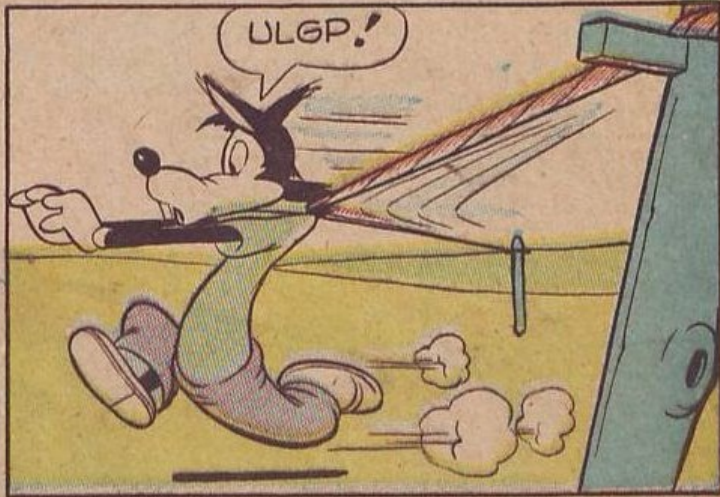
I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER BELONG
TO THE "WICKED WOLVES"! I JUST
WANNA GET MY HANDS ON YOU!!



I'LL TEAR YOU
LIMB FROM LIMB!



ULGP!



SPRRONGGGG!

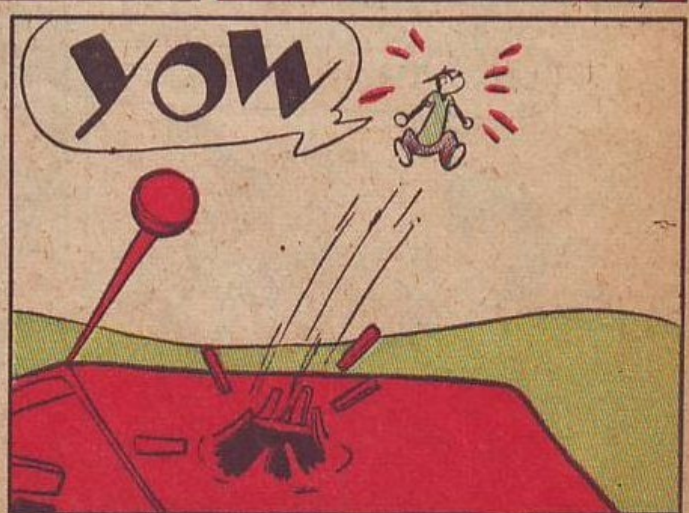
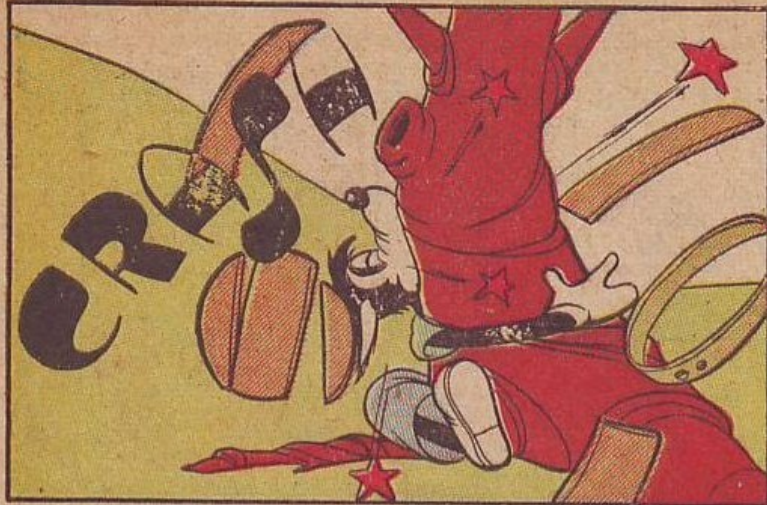


YOU'RE GOING TO
LIKE THIS, MR. WOLF!



THERE HE GOES!





ALBERT The Alligator

WHY, BLESS MAH
LI'L OL' ROSY SOUL!
IT'S MAH OWN
AN' SPECIAL
BIRFDAY!

BIRFDAY

1

AH WISHES AH WAS MO FREN'LY.
SO'S SOMEBUDDY WOULD BAKE
ME A CHAWKLIT CAKE WIF
PINK AND WHITE DOO-JIGGIES
OVER IT—SNIFF-SNIFF!

POGO, LETS US SPOO-
PRISE OL' ALBERT
AND BAKE HIM
UP A BIRFDAY
CAKE!

YASSUH!
LETS US!

YOU BE DE CHIEF COOK,
BUMBAZINE, ON ACCOUNT
OF AH IS A MERE POSSUM
NAME OF POGO, AN' AH DON'
READ DEM REE-
CIPES SO GOOD.

MAN! MAN! DAT DE BIGGEST
CAKE AH EVER SEE! BUT
HOW COME SHE IS HOLLER?

CAUSE SHE'S A
SINGIN' CAKE!

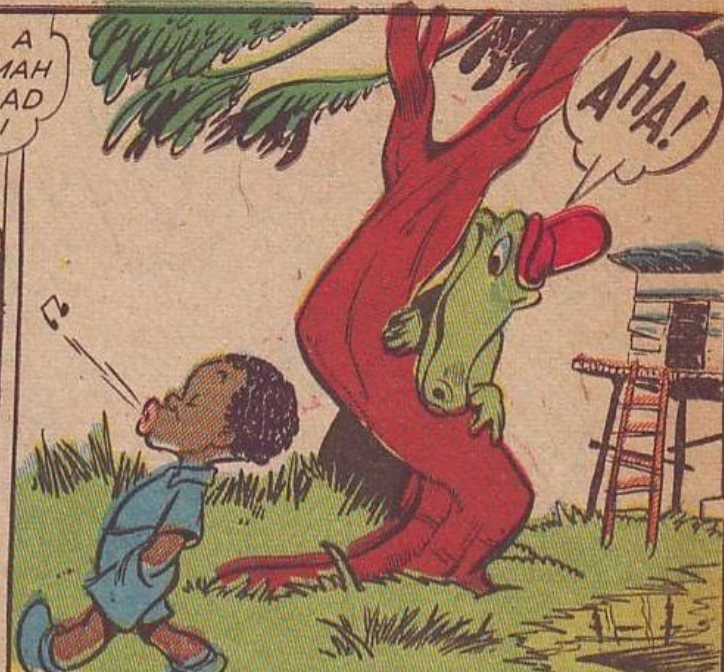
YOU JES' PRACTICE UP
ON BIRTHDAY SONGS AN'
FREN'LY GREETINGS... THEN
CRAWL INSIDE TH' CAKE
AN' WHEN SHE IS PREE-
SENTED TO OL' ALBERT
BY ME— YOU POPS OUT
AN' ENNERTAINS WIF
A MESS OF SINGIN'
AND PLEASANTRIES!

OH BOY!
THAT THERE
IS PERFECT
ON ACCOUNT,
AH IS POSSIBLE
DE BES'SINGIN'
POSSUM IN-
DE SWAMP
COUNTRY!



AH'LL GO ROUND UP SOME FOLKS WHAT ISN'T FUSSY AN' WHO'LL HELP CELEBRATE OL' ALBERT'S BIRFDAY.

AN' AH'LL BE A PRACTICIN' MAH LI'L OL' HEAD OFF!



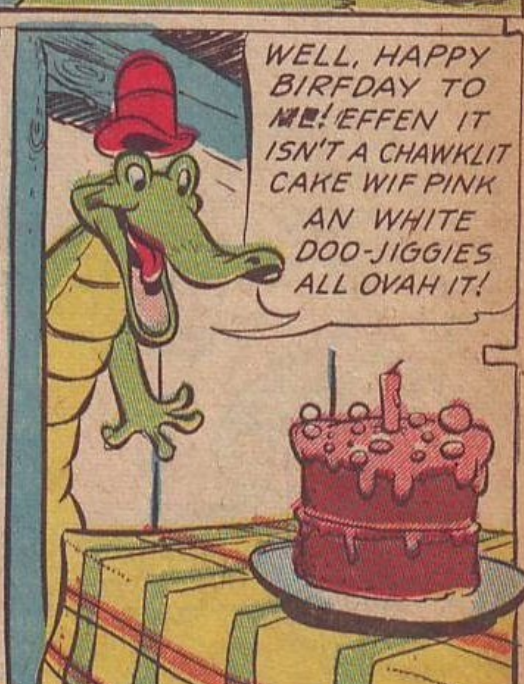
AHA!



WHILST BUMBAZINE IS GONE, AH'LL JES' VESTIGATE CERTAIN CHAWKLIT CAKE SMELLS WHUT HAS BEEN PERMEATIN' AN' PERCOLATIN' THRU THIS HERE VICINITY! HEE-HEE! AH SHO' IS A MEAN THING!



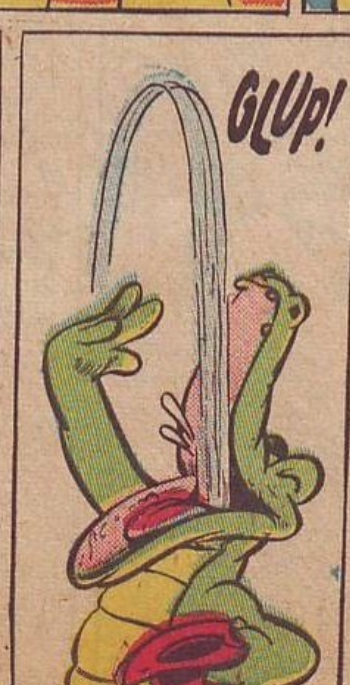
AH MOUGHT JES' AS WELL PRACTICE INSIDE SO'S AH WILL GET USED TO MAH WORKIN' CONDITIONS.



WELL, HAPPY BIRFDAY TO ME! EFFEN IT ISN'T A CHAWKLIT CAKE WIF PINK AN WHITE DOO-JIGGIES ALL OVAH IT!



MOUGHT JES' AS WELL TEST OUT DE FLAVOR AS A FAVOR! BUMBAZINE CAIN'T NOT MIND IF AH TASTES AT IT A LITTLE.



GLUP!



FANCY THAT! AH WAS JES' TRYIN' IT OUT FO' SIZE WHEN MAH HAND SLIPPED! WHUT A HORRIBLE AND FORTUNATE KIND OF A ACCIDENT!

NOTHIN' LIKE A GOOD THREE-CENT
HAVANA TO FOLLY UP A LIL
PIECE OF CHAWKLIT
CAKE!



KOFF-KOFF!
MAHSAKES! IT'S
SMOKY INSIDE
THIS HERE
CAKE!



WUP!

HOWSOMEVER AH BETTER
PRACTICE UP A LITTLE!
MMM-MM MI MI MI
HAPPY BIRFDAY TO
ALBERT-HAPPY

GOODNESS ME!
AH IS GOT A
SINGIN' AN' A
TALKIN'
STOMACH!



US DON'T WANT NO TRUCK
WIF DAT GOO' FO' NOTHIN'
OL' GATOR-US IS REE-
FINED!

BUT AT HEART
OL' ALBERT IS
A MODEST AN'
UNSELFISH CRITTUR!



YEH!

OKAY! SO LONG AS THEY
IS PLENTY CHAWKLIT
CAKE WIF SINGIN' AN'
WIF LAUGHIN', US
WILL GO!

YEH!



AH BE DOWNY KIT-
CHEN SINNY TEXAS
HONEY-BUTTER AN'
BREADY BOUT HAF
PAS' EIGHT—

WOOEY! MA
SINGIN'
STOMACH GOT
SUCH A AWFUL
VOICE AH IS
BEIN' DROVE
CRAZY!



ONLY IS ONE FING FO'
ME TO DO—COMMIT
SOOEY-SIDE! HERE
AH GO!

HAPPY HAPPY
BIRFDAY—OH, HAPPY
BIRFDAY TO ALBERT—



OH, OL' ALBERT ISN'T
AS BAD AS HE'S PAINTED

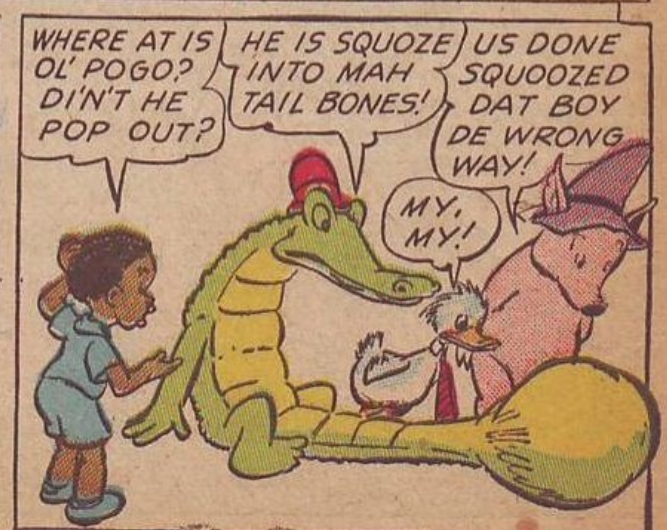
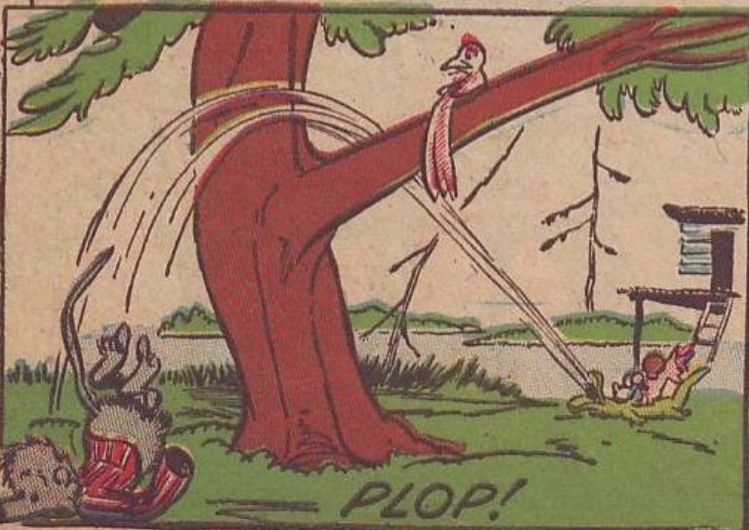
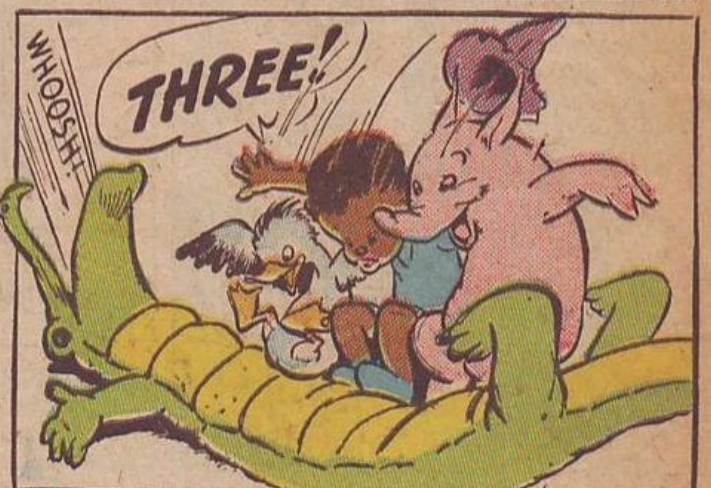
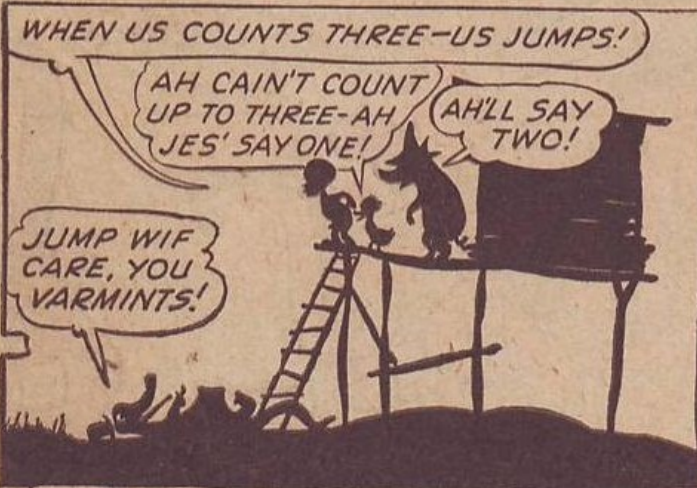
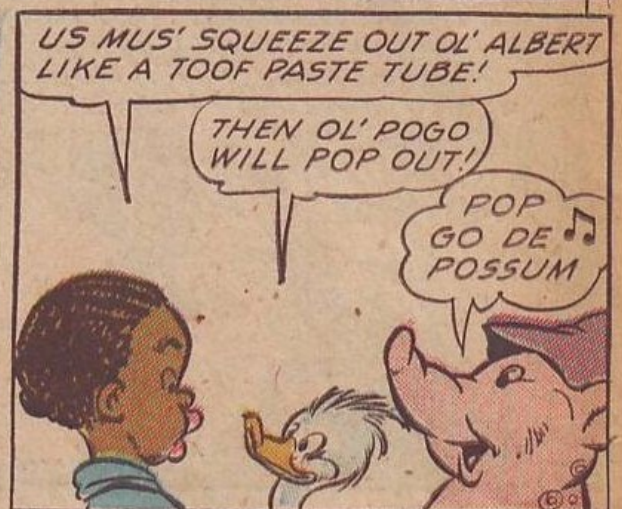
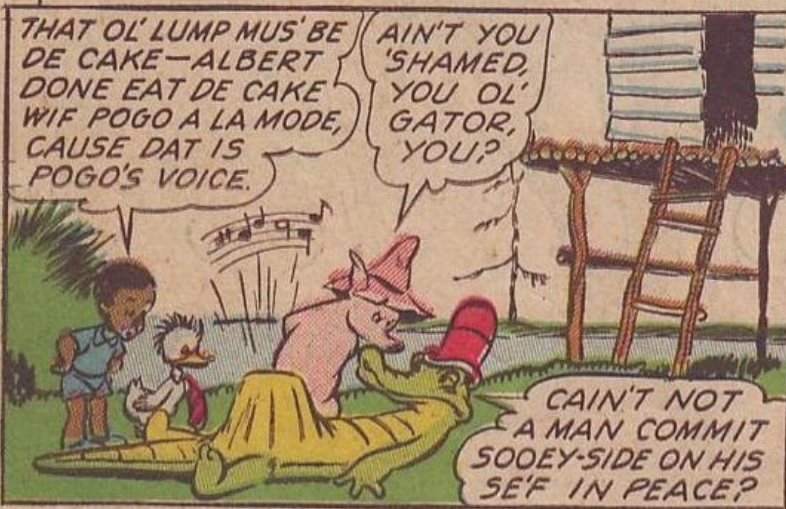
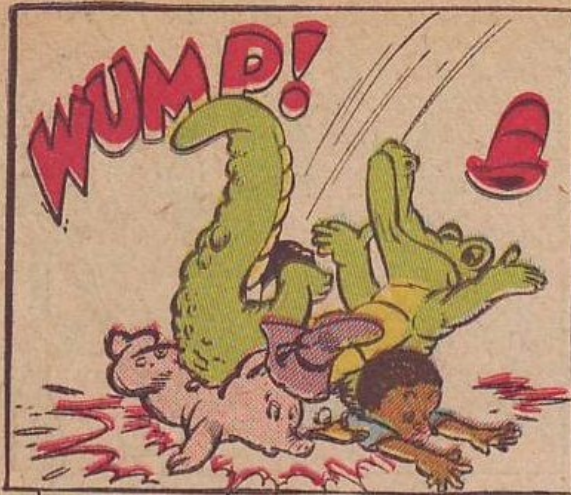
AH DIDN'T KNOW HE
WAS PAINTED—WHUT
COLOR IS HE? AH
HOPES HE IS A PERTY
YALLER WIF BLUE
SPECKLES.

AH PREE-
FERS PUPPLE
WIF RED AN' BLUE
RUNNIN' BOARDS,
MAHSELF.

FAR'WELL, CROOL
WORLD!—AH IS
GOIN' TO
JUMP!

TUM
TUM TUM





YO' GOTTA SACRIFICE YO' TAIL, ALBERT...US GOTTA SAW OFF THAT LUMP AN' EXTRACT DAT PO' LI'L POSSUM!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, GENT'MEN?

US NEEDS A FOURTH FOR SAWIN'!

SAW ME EASY, BOYS.

HERE COME OL' POGO POSSUM-MEBBE HE'LL HELP US.



HELP US SAW THIS LUMP OFF ALBERT'S TAIL...US GOT TO RESCUE A FRIEND WHUT IS IMPRISONED IN THERE!

WHO'S IN THERE, BUMBAZINE?

YOU IS—YOU WAS SWALLOWED BY ALBERT!



US BETTER WORK FAS! POSSIBLE FO' A MAN TO SMUVVER HISSELF TO DEF IN A ALLIGATOR'S TAIL—AN' AH SHO'DON WANT TO SMUVVER MAH LI'L OL' SELF!

WAIT A MINUTE—HOW COME YOU IS OUTSIDE HERE WHEN YOU IS INSIDE THERE, POGO?

WHY, THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE, IS IT?

AH SHOULD SAY NOT! THAT LUMP IS NUFFIN' BUT CHAWKLIT CAKE WIF PINK AND WHITE DOO-JIGGIES ALL OVER IT—AN'

AH DON'T PREEPOSE TO SAW OFF MAH TAIL BONE ON ACCOUNT OF IT!



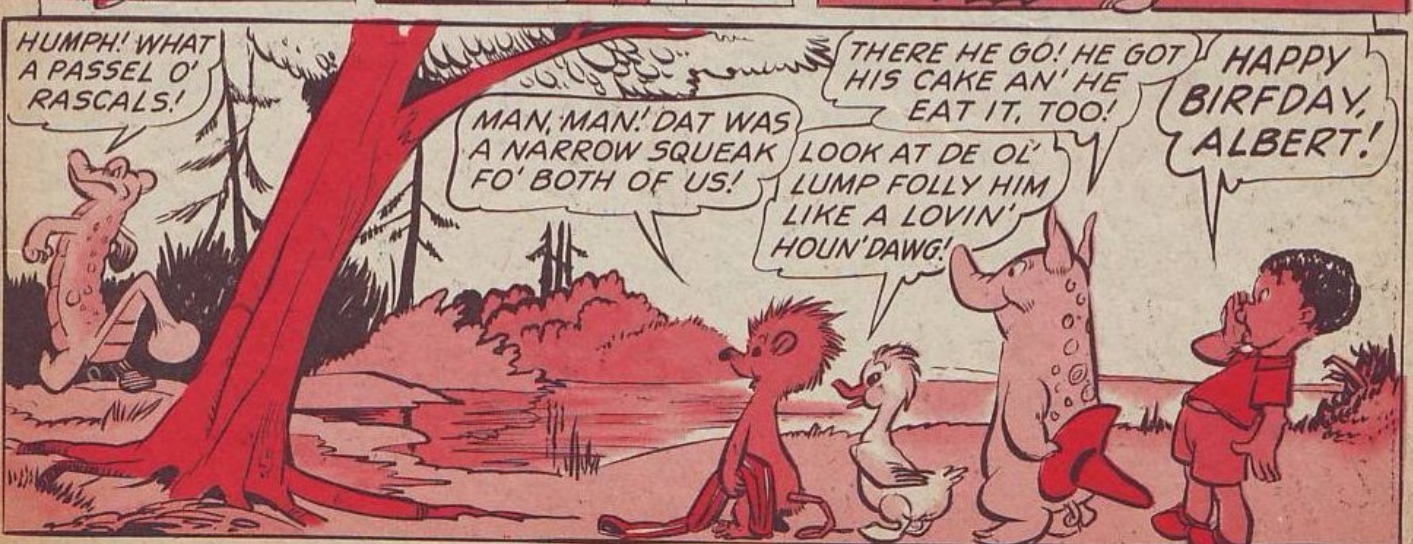
HUMPH! WHAT A PASSEL O' RASCALS!

MAN, MAN! DAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK FO' BOTH OF US!

THERE HE GO! HE GOT HIS CAKE AN' HE EAT IT, TOO!

LOOK AT DE OL' LUMP FOLLY HIM LIKE A LOVIN' HOUN'DAWG!

HAPPY BIRFDAY, ALBERT!



ANIMAL ANTICS

